

K. L. C.
1981 SALTUS

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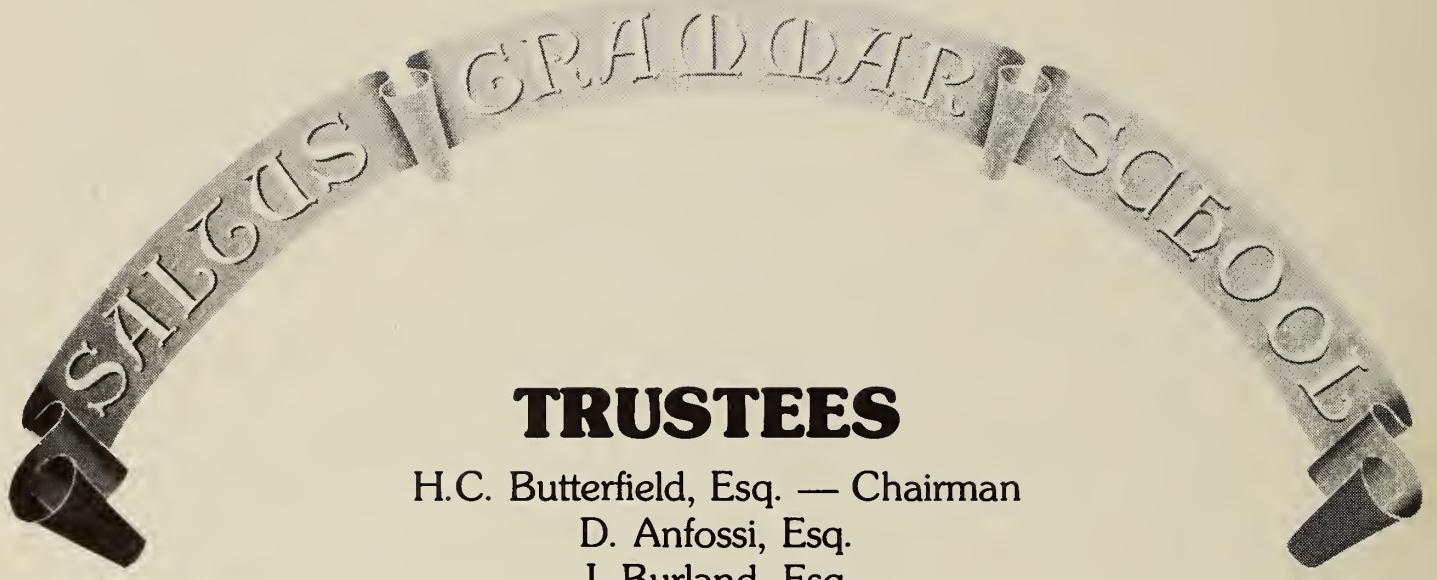
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It was with a feeling of profound regret that the School learnt of the untimely death of Chief Superintendent W. M. 'Sykes' Smith on Sunday 14th of June.

He will be sadly missed by all at Saltus.

FROM THE HEADMASTER:

Year Book 1981

As I write these notes the corridors and classrooms are deserted, the sound of ball and bat from the playing field is finally stilled and only the kaleidoscopic memories of a very full academic year remain to ruffle the quiet of another summer vacation.

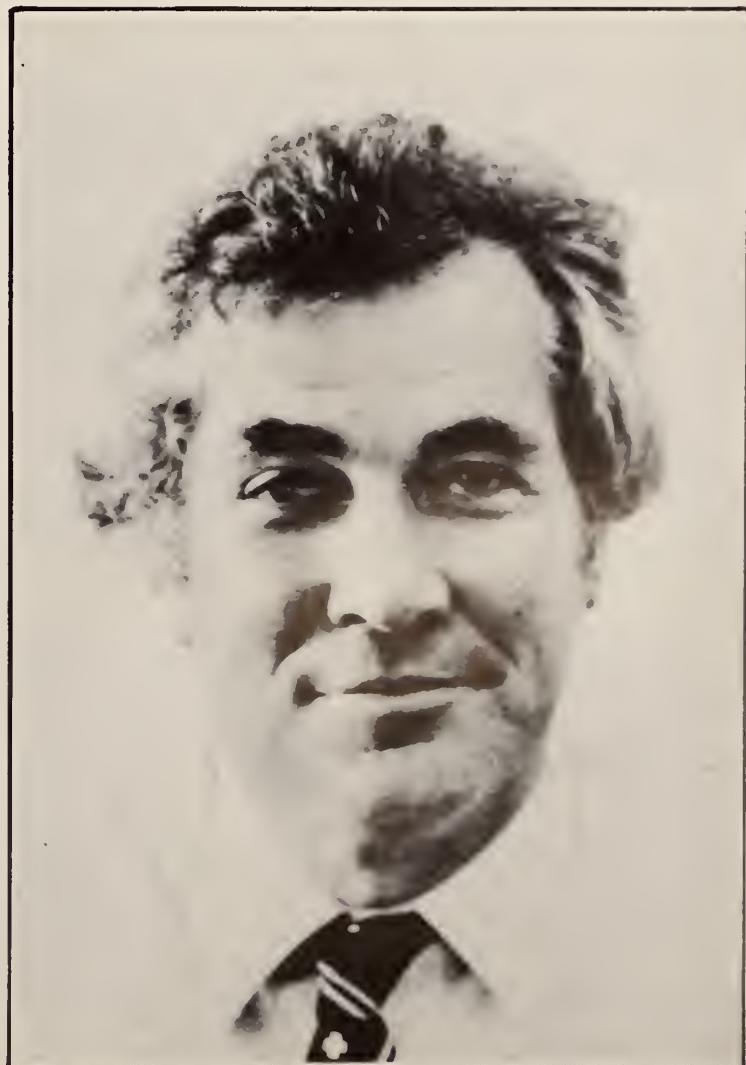
To scan these pages is to be aware of achievement in all its many manifestations. In the classroom, on the sports field, on the stage and concert platform, in the realm of community service, our boys have all played their parts and in most cases played them well. I congratulate not only those boys in all three departments of the school whose exploits are contained in this Year Book but also those who quietly and with determination carried out their tasks responsibly and to the best of their varying abilities. They have all served their school well and the past year has been the richer for their presence and their contribution.

Regretably, and it would appear, inevitably, we have also had our share of boys, thankfully in the minority, who have done little to justify the fees spent on them. They varied from those boys who passively drifted through their studies consistently under-achieving and perfectly content to do so despite constant proddings, to those who were actively anti-social and who swallowed up disproportionate amounts of staff time and energy in coping with their misdemeanours. Such boys were normally excuse makers, failing to realise that in life people are judged not by what they believe themselves to be capable of doing but by what they actually do.

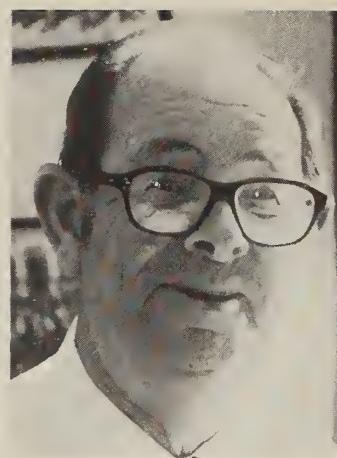
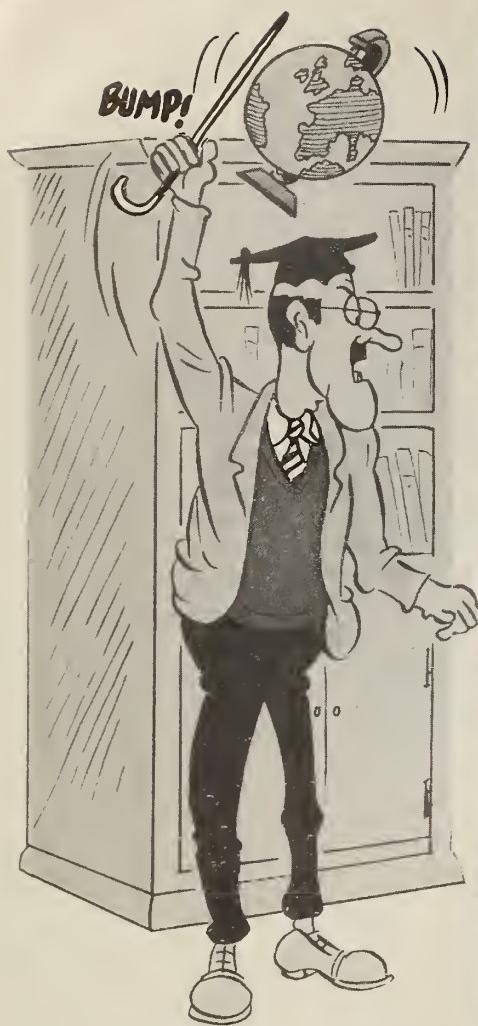
It is not my wish at this time to blemish the achievements of the many with the lamentable behaviour and performance of the few. As in all things, one needs to maintain a sense of perspective and Saltus continues to be a school in which we can justifiably take pride.

My particular thanks go to all those parents whose strong support and many kindnesses throughout the year to Preparatory, Junior and Senior Departments have encouraged us all. The wish to be appreciated is a very human one and I am happy to state that our parent body leave us in no doubt that we are.

J. McPhee



The Headmaster, Mr. J. K. McPHEE, B.A., Dip. Ed., M.Ed.



Mr. F. L. STEPHENSON,
Senior Master



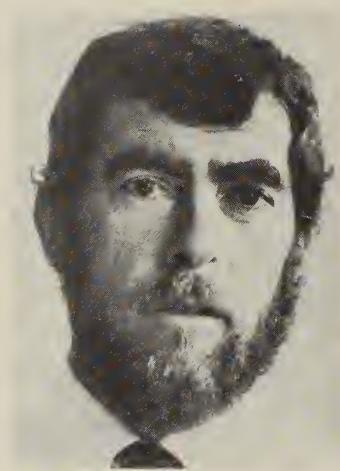
Mr. J. BEARD, B.Ed.
(Hons.) (Keele)



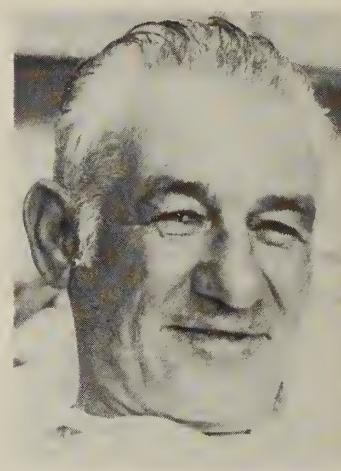
Mr. W. DUNCAN, L.R.S.M.



Mr. M. DURRANT, M.A.
(Oxon)



Mr. V. EVANS, Stranmillis
(Belfast), B.A. (Queens)



Mr. V. FILIPPINI, Assoc. Deg.
Maths., B.T., B. Tech. Ed., M.T.

Senior School Staff



Mr. R. GARDNER, B.Ed.
(Hons.) (Cambridge)



Mr. W. HANLON, B.A.
(London and Queens)



Mr. D. HARRISON, B.Sc.
(Hons.) (Manchester)



Mr. N. KERMODE, B.A.
(Hons.) (East Anglia)



Mrs. M. LODGE, B.Sc.
(Hons.) (Wales)



Miss S. MATTHEWS, B.A.



Mr. D. Morrison, B.A.
(Wales)



Mr. C. PALMER, B.A.
(Hons.) (Cantab).



Mr. A. PETTIT, M.A. (Dublin)



Mr. D. ROBERTS, B.Sc.
(Hons.) (Birmingham)



Mr. A. ROSKILLY, B.Sc.
(Hons.) (London)



Mr. C. WILLIAMS

FAREWELLS . . .

AND WELCOMES . . .



Mr. IAN DRUMMOND,
A.R.C.M., F.T.C.M.



Mr. DAVID ROSS,
B.Sc. (Hons.)



Mr. DAFYDD HERMANN-SMITH,
B.Sc. (Hons.)



Mr. FREDERICK REDDYHOFF,
B.Sc.

The following gentlemen join the Senior School staff this year.

Mr. Ian Drummond — Music, Mr. Dafydd Hermann-Smith — Economics/Geography, Mr. Alistair Paterson — French, Mr. Frederick Reddyhoff — Mathematics, and Mr. David Ross — Physics.

Mr. Drummond is an Associate of the Royal College of Music and a Fellow of Trinity College of Music. He has played Saxophone with the Scottish National Orchestra and Clarinet and Saxophone with the B.B.C. Scottish Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Hermann-Smith B.Sc. Hons. (Economics) P.G.C.E. (Economics with Geography) comes to us from Bishop Vaughan School. He is a senior coach with the Welsh Hockey Association and was manager and coach of South Wales schoolboy Hockey XI.

Mr. Paterson (M.S.) has been teaching at St. Andrews, Nassau. He is a keen table tennis and soccer player and is also a Duke of Edinburgh Gold Medalist; he will take over the scheme in Saltus.

Mr. Reddyhoff (B.Sc. Mathematics and Physics) joins us from the Royal Air Force in which he has been working as a Mathematics and Control specialist in the Department of Air warfare at Cranwell.

Mr. Ross (B.Sc.) has taught for the last three years at Woodhouse Grove, an independent school. He is a Yorkshire county Tennis Player and has coaching certificates in Tennis and Soccer.

We wish them every good fortune in their careers at Saltus.



Mr. ALISTAIR PATERSON, M.A.

GUNSLINGER by Richard Crane

SALTUS ON STAGE:

"Grape Knoll"
May 11th, 1981



Principal actors in 'Gunslinger'. L. to R. Jay Soares, Brian Finnerty, Dannielle Bezant, 'Than' Butterfield, Michael Nisbett.

Cast List

Colonel Conquest
John Milton Speed
Angel Kid McGrew
Chief Blackmoon
Belle Tenderloin
Longhorn Hank
Buddy Bullpuncher
Dungaree Lil
Huckleberry Smith
Wild Will 50 Fingers
Little Thunder
Dr. Hardimann Crabbe
Liberty Lou
Samuel Colt
Mr. Wells of Wells & Fargo
Momma Speed
Billy Speed
Belinda Speed
Preacher
Rancher
Banker
Tart
Woman

Ladies of the No-Name Saloon:

Townswomen: **Alison Capstick**
Tina Wittich

Townsfolk: **Alistair McPhee**
Gregory Lovell
George Jones
Richard Hammond
Tim McKittrick
Liam McKittrick

Michael Nisbett
J. J. Soares
Brian Finnerty
Sean Pedro
Dannielle Bezant
Duncan Tavares
Nigel Parsons
Cheryl Hayward
'Than' Butterfield
David Judah
Colin Godwin
Ian Maule
Tina Wittich
Paul Fox
Steven Shepperd
Lisa Gibbons
Kirk Marcoe
Cheryl Hayward
Stephen Davidson
John Williams
John Muldering
Dannielle Bezant
Lisa Gibbons

Cathy MacKenzie
Tammy Rogers

Indians: **Daniel Stovell**
Rajan Tolaram
Scott Leman

Russell Dey
Christopher Bickley
Patrick Dill
Andrew McPhee
David Kaardal

Well, they did it again! As usual, Mr. Kermode and his merry band provided us with a highly enjoyable production. Following on from last year's successful "Government Inspector", the school turned its attention to the Wild West, with Richard Crane's semi-serious play "Gunslinger."

Like the rest of the audience, I was delighted with the opening night performance: it was a colourful production, fastpaced and lively, while both the acting and singing were very good. The overall effect was impressive, and that standard, I am told, was maintained throughout the other performances.

Congratulations are due to all who took part. In addition to those on stage, thanks go to Mr. Durrant's stage crew, to Mr. Duncan's choir and musicians, to those responsible for the lighting and seating arrangements, and to those who lent props.

I cannot resist singling out a few members of the cast for special mention: the vivacious Michael Nisbett, quick shooting J. J. Soares, the statuesque Tina Wittich, and, of course, the delectable Dannielle Bezant. As usual, it was good to have our lovely friends from B.H.S. with us.

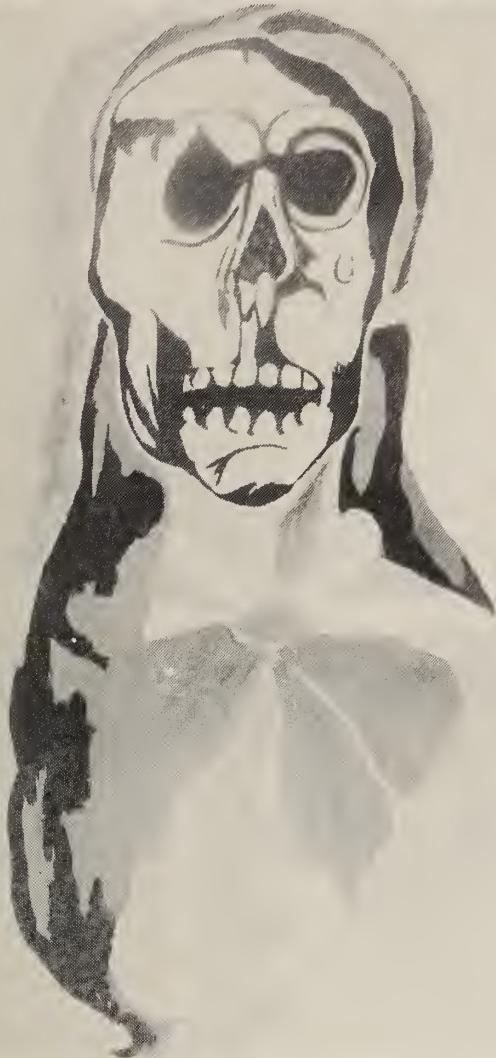
Special thanks and congratulations are due to Mr. Kermode, who made the play the huge success it undoubtedly was. (Good on yer, Nigel!) Only one point remains: what's on the menu for next year?

J. Evans S.Y.



Jay Soares as John Milton Speed.

.. IN WORDS AND PICTURES



Surrealist Portrait by LISA QUINN, Senior Year.

POEMS

Crabs

The plated army marched sideways
Pinchers as sharp as their clawing wits
Ready for the kill.

George Jones S1B

Haiku Poems

The strong wind
hits the struggling ant, and steals its
crumb
like a thief.

Bruce Lattyak S1B

Haiku

Horrible white kernels
slobbered onto my plate
with their ancient Chinese look.

Liam McKittrick S3H

Storm

The thundering hurricane cripples,
Like a spasm in the back,
But the aftermath is calm.

Gareth Cooper S3H

'Night Flight'

I'm riding down Kingsley just killing time. I sit at the light until it changes to green and off I scream into the night. The circuits are lined and jammed with chrome invaders. I turn up the radio so I don't have to think, but the music can't hide the sound of the whole damn city crying. I take her to the floor looking for a moment that seems right, and I try once again to escape the stealing, the cheating, and the lying. But not tonight, for it's a love in chains and we'll never get out now. For in Newark nothing is forgotten or forgiven. It'll always remain the same; you know it's never over; it's relentless as the rain.

The lonely riders huddle against the boarded up, broken down seven-eleven store and pass a foul smelling bottle back and forth and try to hide from day. Hide in their drunken dreams, and somehow survive till the night. In the day they sweat it out on the streets of a runaway American dream, and ride through mansions of glory on suicide machines. But it's all lies. They're strung out on the wire, and the dogs of main street howl 'cause they understand. All these men are really just kids trying to breathe the fire they were born in: all just boys trying in vain to be men.

At four in the morning the metal dragons awaken and spit serpents of smoke from their black lips. This foul smoke is forever hanging above the city making your eyes water. It chokes all life except those born in this mad jungle. The factory whistles cry at six sharp. Men walk through the gates with death in their eyes. The factories take their hearing; the factories give them life. Your eyes go blind and your blood runs cold, till you just give up living and start dying little by little. But some guys get home from work and wash up, then go racing in the street. They ride sad and free until all they can see is the night.

It's a city from the dark heart of a dream; it's a place where a knife speaks and truth means little. People ride by the city and look at it without seeing. They roll up their windows against the decadent smell and drive on. To them it's just another dirty city, but they don't live there. To the inhabitants, it's a nightmare where lives are on the line and dreams are found and lost. They're all just prisoners of their dreams, running burned and blind chasing something in the night, running on them backstreets until the end.

Greg Scuff S4K



Landscape after Frazetta by GREG SCAFF 4K

Wonderworld

The sharp point of the needle hit my arm and perforated the skin. the liquid oozed through my veins. It seemed to have no effect. My friends' grinning faces stared at me to see my bewildered features.

Soon, Charlie started growing horns and I could see him ridiculing me. His red skin vibrated and he poked me with his pointy fork. Looking for the wound, I found I was not there. This made the voices around me laugh in a mocking way. They echoed in my head. But where was my head. The echoes didn't seem to be coming from over my neck. I decided to search for it, following the hilarious guffaws.

Walking through a wall, I found an escalator going downwards. I stumbled onto it and fell flat on my — no, not my face — it must have been my chest. Well, anyway, it hurt. Arriving at the bottom, I found that the ground above me was glass. This was all very sensible to me. There seemed to be a bathroom above and I saw three boys, two of whom were combing their teeth and the other was flossing his hair. Seeing nothing unusual there, I moved under the next room where a remote control colour TV. was changing this head's channels. That head looked familiar. It had those bloodshot eyes and that blank expression. It had to be mine!

Immediately, I reflected myself into the room and saved my head from being switched to channel 14. Yuch! As my body was being capitated I felt warm blood pump through my systems. I heard cheering as I entered reality, and as my systems cleared I realized what my body was telling me. Anyone who takes a trip on acid has lost their head.

Erik Jackson S3H



'Front Street' by DAVID BENEVIDES 4M

The Cave

I picked my way down the spiraling, winding passage. My heavy boots continually kept slipping on the smooth, treacherous rock. I pushed myself through the miniature entrance, and then stumbled out into the cave.

The sheer size of the thing was enough to make the bravest quail. Thousands of stalactites and stalagmites, of various sizes, formed complex and bizarre patterns, and completely filled the cave. An underground waterfall cascaded and gurgled down the rocks to my right, and formed a small stream which twisted its way crazily around the pinnacles, disappearing into the distance. The air was damp and chilly, and unnaturally clean.

I walked over to the crystal clear stream and idly touched it with my hand. I quickly withdrew it. The water was cold enough to burn. I yelled. Every nook and cranny echoed my cry. In a hundred voices did my sound return to me. Every sound seemed to stand out in that complete, utter stillness; the gurgling of the waterfall, the crunching of my boots as I struggled against the cold, and even my own heartbeat, which I would hardly have noticed in normal circumstances. All these things stood out. In that cave, one could have heard a pin drop.

I stood there, awestruck by all of these wonders which had unfolded before my eyes. Suddenly, as I turned to go, it dawned upon me. Man, in all his wisdom and folly, cannot create anything as beautiful or intricate as the architecture of nature.

Peter Garrod S2P



'Ghoul Queen' (Frazetta reproduction) KEESEN BEELEN 5F

The Deserter House

"Glory for the Mother Land, the Red Army, and the great Russian people", the commissar had exhorted. Vladimir Vyshinsky had learned to disregard the commissar's speeches and to remember instead the Red Army soldier's Golden Rule: Fight, and fight bravely. Indeed, if he didn't, he had two options, be captured and be worked to death by the Germans, or be shot by the political police if he retreated.

However, you cannot fight an invisible enemy, and this was what faced Vladimir's platoon as they searched for stragglers from the retreating Wehrmacht in Vladimir's home town of Kursh. The platoon, already depleted by sniper fire, was cautiously advancing through an open field toward a deserted looking house. There was a sudden din of machinegun fire, and before Vladimir's grenade had removed the gun, ten of the eleven Russians had drowned under the waves of lead.

Vladimir waited for nightfall to approach the house, lying amongst his dead comrades to escape German bullets. When the blanket of darkness had descended upon the landscape, the house's silhouette showed Vladimir that the house was indeed his own. Vladimir crawled across the grass between his comrades and the house, happy to be on such familiar ground. He slipped noiselessly through a window into the bathroom, the fallen plaster reminding him that a major battle had just ended here. Rifle at the ready, he slithered out of the bathroom door into the hallway. He warily entered the living-room, made sure it was deserted, and swept the room with his flashlight beam. He was saddened to see that shrapnel was embedded above the mantel, where he used to keep the family portrait. Then he remembered that German planes had strafed the refugee column from Kursh, killing his wife Anna, and his baby boy. Saddened by the memory of all that he had lost, and of his future which some trigger happy German pilot had destroyed, Vladimir wandered from room to room forgetting that there was a war on, and that he was a part of it.

Vladimir remembered all the good times they had enjoyed in the house, when friends and family made the hard life bearable, even made it happy. But that was all in the past, before his world had been shattered. A past which seemed all the more utopian and far-away, in this miserable, deserted shell of a house.

He wandered on in a stupor of grief, until, too exhausted to dwell on his misfortunes any more, he halted at his bedroom. He opened the door and took a step over the threshold. A sudden movement in the dark brought him back to reality, but, before he could react, he felt something explode in his chest, before slipping into a final darkness. The house was not deserted after all.

R. L. Soares S4K



Self-Portrait by ELWOOD FOX, Senior Year.



'Daniel in the Lion's Den' —
ELWOOD FOX, Senior Year.



SIDE HORSE DIE FUSE

Record Album design —
GREG SCAFF, 4K

Sweeney Talks to Vladimir

for R.J.G.

"Death and the Raven drift above
and Sweeney guards the horned gate."

The lonely smoke of cigarettes
Is wandering in the air.
Each hand around the table
holds
A cocktail glass with drunken
care.
The game of cards is over
now.

But no one can recall who's
won.
The cards upon the table
scattered;
An unseen image on
each one.
Our friend, with great
good humor,
Picks up the cards to do
a trick.
The hand is quicker than
the eye
But the tortured mind is
twice as quick.
I turn and see you
smiling up,
Upon your eyes a distant
stare.

Across your face a veil
of smoke
Is wandering in the
air.
Exactly where your
thoughts have gone
I have no way to tell.
Such are the terms of
our confinement
In this our air-conditioned hell.
And yet our minds
go stumbling on
Like drunkards groping
in the dark.
Do you not see it
Vladimir?
That tree behind you,
rising stark.
It rises up with
twisted limb
To touch a long
extinguished sun.
The game of cards
is over now
But no one can recall
who's won.

John Mulderig S.Y.

On the Surface of the Moon

Damon's lead soles echoed dully on the ladder; again, and a third time, until he halted momentarily on the bottom-most rung of the seemingly frail construction. His eyes rolled sluggishly from left to right across the bleak landscape scrawled carelessly before him, and mixed emotions jolted his mind.

He was indeed the first man ever to set foot on the moon, and this thrilled him immensely, but the scene laid across his vision was truly depressing. Razor-peaks jutted like warts from the crepe skin, and colossal crevices ran like giant wrinkles on an ancient face.

With a hard swallow and a reflexive upward glance, Damon slid his left foot awkwardly off the ladder, followed nimbly by his right. Both feet hit simultaneously, creating a powdery cloud of light dust, which hung like a curtain about his ankles. He stepped clumsily forward to reveal a pin-point accurate footprint in the silt. Damon admired his historic masterpiece with a warm glow of satisfaction and pride.

In a series of comical, clown-like steps, Damon moved slowly away from the module, then turned to admire it, in its mighty technical glory, glowing with an eerie lunar sparkle. His view dropped to one of the four spindly stilts which acted as "legs". A cloud of concern misted his eyes, as he noticed a minor buckle about four inches above the inverted dome-shaped foot, nestled lopsidedly in the earth.

Realizing that there was nothing he could do with the infraction, Damon bounced lightly on towards a massive crater. The awesome feature engulfed the remains of the midnight and swallowed approximately fourteen miles of the lunar surface.

Far off to the east, albino cliffs, illuminated by the sun as it crept over the western horizon, climbed heavenward against the raven sky and fringed a massive plain of undulating pebbles, smoothed and sculpted through thousands of years of gentle lunar breezes.

Tilting his head back on his muscular shoulders, Damon scanned the Zodiacal Corona and stars through his foggy glass face-plate, and turned to observe: Wraiths of luminous gas were rising from a fissure running laterally through an oblong boulder.

"Indeed, a most barren scene", resounded in his mind.

Gary Brangman S3H



'Hey, Ma, Can I keep him?' — THAN BUTTERFIELD 5F



Surrealistic landscape — RICHARD AMOS, 5F

Tarzan of the Oleanders

"Kreeegahaah!" I shrieked, as I sailed through the air, without a rope. It was Saturday morning, and my favourite comic show had just finished. I had only watched one of them: 'Tarzan of the Apes.' He had been swinging through the jungle trees with such ease that I thought I would copy him. I didn't have vines, but I didn't need them; the branches were closer together than his trees were.

I got dressed, and left the house at 10.00 a.m. and I ran to the 'jungle', bare foot, with a European 'skimpy' bathing suit on, which I imagined was made of jaguar skin. Into the depths of the trees I climbed like a cat, and I did not stop until I was at the top, overlooking the vast, spread out jungle and plains before me.

Then, with a blood curdling yell, that was meant to call Tantor, Barba, and other such animals, I plunged from the tree, meaning to gracefully land on the other branch, but found myself in a different position. I was diving for the ground, at a speed, faster than Tarzan. Thump! The next thing I knew, my mother was bending over me. Tarzan had vanished, and has never appeared again.

Robert Jones S2P

The Fight

The Law of the Wild: eat or be eaten. This was the law which prevailed over all animals in the frozen Northlands, especially the wolves. It was quite a large pack, twenty to thirty wolves, that pulled down a large buck, and ate every scrap. It was the very same pack that started to dwindle in size as pairs sheered off for the mating season. We had only about ten left in our pack soon, and there were three males constantly fighting for the companionship of a certain female.

It all started when the youngest male, the three-year-old, nudged up against the gaunt, battle-scarred old elder and received a snarl in return. He then decided that he had taken enough of this kind of response, and lashed out at the old wolf. He then proceeded to attack him, clashing his ear to ribbons. Then it became a one-sided battle, as a newcomer joined the scene and set upon the ambitious three-year-old with the elder, and proceeded to destroy him.

Meanwhile, the female looked on, and was pleased, for this was the law of the wild, and forgotten were the days they had hunted, fought and howled together. The business of love was at hand; a much sterner and crueler business than any other.

Thus the young wolf yielded up his life and sank to the snow, because of love.

Now that that problem had been solved, the big gray, the newcomer, turned to lick a wound in his shoulder leaving the curve of his neck exposed. But the old wolf was wise, very wise. He saw his chance, darted in low and closed his fangs, ripping, slashing deep into the great vein of the throat. The other snarled terribly, his snarl breaking amidst a tickling cough. Bleeding, coughing, already stricken, he sprang and fought as life faded from him, light dulled in his eyes. He sank to the snow; his blood staining it pink.

The female still sat, contented in the snow and smiled as wolves do, for this was the love-making of the wild, tragedy only to those who died.



Record Album cover:
DAVID BENEVIDES 4M

Adrian Fusinaz S1B

The Test

The question sheets were handed out and the louder noises died away. Brains simultaneously clicked into motion as pens went to paper and boys started thinking. An intruder into the test would find it very quiet, almost silent compared with the outside world, but to the boys taking the test it was all but quiet. They would notice the clicks of ball pens being taken up from paper, and the rubbing of hand and pen across the paper.

Usually unnoticed sounds such as the turning over of a page, or the deep muffled throb of a boy trying to knock the answers out of his head would seem clear and definite. Indistinct whispers, depressing groans and relieving sighs would be louder than ever. The sharp clatter of a pen or pencil hitting the floor would cause everyone to glance around until having found the criminal, they turn back to their test.

When the five minute warning was given a high tension would build up as boys raced to finish. The rubbing of hand and pen across paper would increase in speed. Groans would increase in frequency as the rushing students would make an increasing number of mistakes.

Once the papers were collected in, answers would hit the students like machine-gun fire, and they would walk away sure of a fail.

R Lines S2P



The Gardner Angry Look! — ANONYMOUS!

Dawn

Gradually the first faint glow of dawn began to appear over the distant horizon. The dim light steadily grew stronger and soon it dispelled the thick, black, almost tangible darkness of the night before, leaving the blurred, shadowy outlines of trees and buildings in its place.

As the objects grew more distinct, the animals began to awaken. First, the loudly charring sparrows and cardinals fluttered out of their carefully built nest, in search of food for themselves and their young. Next, the little mice began to busily scuttle back and forth between the tall, green blades of grass that were still covered with shining, glistening, drops of dew.

Somewhere a cock crowed, and his ringing call was quickly answered by several others. Now, alarm clocks began to shrill, a tomcat started to howl, and shutters noisily opened, while the strong smell of bacon and eggs drifted along on the silent wind.

The new day had begun.

Nicholas Glynn S2P



'Cooling Out' — ELWOOD FOX

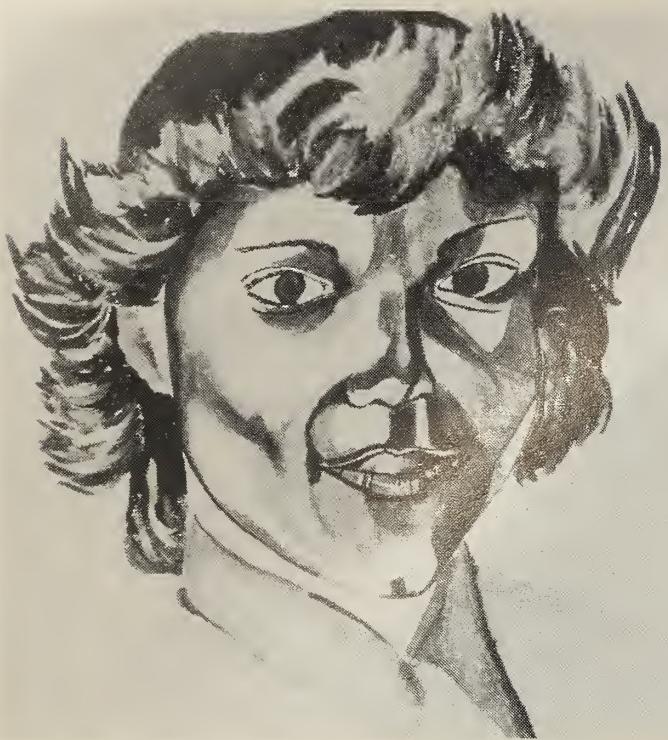
The Old Man

Time had wrinkled his face;
His soft eyes were hooded by aging lids.
Yellow teeth decorated his mouth,
Curtained by fading pink lips.

The once tight skin that closed in on solid muscle
Now sagged with defeat over weak bones.
His chest was bald and withered
And he hung his head low in shame.

The room was dark and smelled with age
He sighed and rested the boney head
on the stool — and he was dead.

Ian Mackie S1B 12 years old



Portrait: LISA QUINN, Senior Year



Laurel and Hardy — ALCIDES VAN BEELEN 3R

"Gourmet Cook"

"Hmm! This looks nice and easy", I said to myself. "Yes, I'll make it." Reading the list of ingredients, I sought them out; sugar, soda "What this? Salts; Oh well!" I went to the cabinet in the bathroom and got the Epsom Salts. Next was chocolate, butter and then, flour. Well, that was easy. Out into the garden I tramped haughtily with my scissors and cut off a gorgeous daffodil. After this I began beating it with a spoon, and by Jove, it was a toughy. Checking everything, I put the cake in the oven; it was then that I came across a problem: you see, the cake

Kon-Tiki

It is on a bustling, busy street corner, with cars always whizzing by, paying scant attention to the small, seemingly derelict store. But when you walk in, you come out of the fast, noisy outside world, and enter a quiet, tranquil, peaceful refuge. When the old wooden door, which hangs dangerously on its hinges, eventually squeaks shut behind you, it takes several minutes for your blinking eyes to adjust to the indoor gloom. To your left is the little counter, a wooden, scarred bar, only about five feet long, tucked into an even darker alcove, piled high with all manner of things; from nets, to multicoloured gravel, tanks of all shapes and sizes, and assorted filters and heaters. The little "Kon Tiki" is a pet store, for fish.

After you've been looking around for a couple of fascinating minutes, the owner slowly makes her way over to you and asks if you would like some assistance. She is a rather old lady, roughly fifty-five, maybe in her sixties, but there is not much she does not know about tropical fish! She has grey hair, and a wrinkled face, which is usually expressionless.

Pottering around, she will tell you the names and habits of any of the wide range of fish, from huge, long fish, with pointy, malevolent-looking teeth, to tiny circular dots of incredibly coloured fish, which dart about like leaves on a gusty autumn day. The whole store is a marvel of fascinating things.

None of the dirty, grimy tanks are neat, or specially arranged, but have leads from haphazardly placed heaters and filters which fill the room with strange buzzes, hums and bubblings. In most tanks the gaping, exotic creatures can hide from peering shoppers, behind rocks and weed, thrown in, rather than placed, but in some there is just multicoloured gravel for decoration. The many-shaped fish tanks, which range from 5 to 50 gallons capacity, are arranged on shelves from the ceiling to floor, and each is a thrilling adventure. Some contain fish, which have so many waving fins, frills and other extraneous parts that they can barely move, or have white beady eyes, sticking out of their heads. Tucked away, hidden in corners one can find twenty gallon tanks of foot long "Prope Fish", rust brown in colour, and an inch thick, twirling agilely around the filters and bubbling tubes. Low down, among other tanks, you may spy a few guppies, with tails so colourful, the rest of them seems boring, or tiny fluorescent fish, which jump out, if you hold food above the water. Once in this store you never wish to leave.

As well as this amazing array of river life, the store offers much more. From the dark recesses of the room, or the strange attic, the store keeper can produce any item, no matter how strange: From a fish tank, to a net, a hood and light, filter carbon, gravel, back drop pictures for the tanks, food, and even electrical leads and plugs. However disorganised, messy and small it may seem, it has everything you need for a fish tank. Just before you leave the peaceful, bubbling sanctuary, with fish and new equipment under your arm, you might look back into the dark little store, with the decorative fish nets hanging from the ceiling and thousands of tiny watching eyes on all sides. You now have to leave the little store, hiding in a hollow in the cliff, and enter the outside world once more!

John Paul Skinner S3H

was to bake for 30 mins., but the oven was marked in hours, whatever they are. Eventually, I put it on 3 hours and waited. When the time had elapsed, I took it out and it fell into black crumbs. I managed to get them up, and I finally put some in my mouth and before I knew it, I was being sick in the bathroom.

Take it from me, cooking is not as simple as it looks . . . especially when you're only 4 years old.

Christopher Bryan S2P

Water

I came to the surface.

The water behind me formed into two large rooster tails, then gradually into one small one. In front, it rushed up over the skis and drops like crystal marbles beat against them. As I moved faster and faster the water became a solution of foam around my legs, which seemed not to be a part of my body. Water rolled as water pebbles on my tense, buckled muscles, straining, bright brown from the dazzling sea before me.

As I turned the corner, I began to see the whole of Ferry Reach. Suddenly it became a broken mirror, flying through the air. The dangerous water forced me into it. I fell, but grabbed at the tow bar with even more force, instead of letting go.

The boat did not slow down. The deep dark ocean seemed to be welcoming me for good.

I screamed. The dark water gurgled steadily into my lungs.

Richard Ian Pitcher S2L



*Cricket Gear — Still Life: EVERSLY LEWIS.
Senior Year.*

Transport Improvement

The single improvement in transport that would most benefit my country is a switch from the bus service to an organized llama transport system. This change would almost certainly draw howls of protest from the Bermuda Industrial Union, since the former bus drivers will then be unable to strike.

Buses have a tendency to produce thick clouds of grey smoke, which are designed to bewilder the motorist travelling behind the bus, while the bus driver skillfully manoeuvres the bus into a bus shelter, and then suddenly swings out into the road again. This smoke is a potential health hazard, whereas the llama's "pollution" is a source of fuel. Also, when the bus pulls out of the shelter suddenly, without the bus driver indicating his intentions, and it is involved in a head-on collision with a garbage truck travelling at forty miles per hour in the other direction, the public is left with a useless heap of metal and bodies. A dead llama, on the other hand can be utilized to provide food, wool, hides, and tallow for candles.

Bus drivers are prone to travel too great a distance in too short a period of time; indeed, the majority of bus drivers would be much more content at the controls of a Japanese "Bullet" Train. The llama, which cannot travel more than twenty miles per day, would never be in a position to receive a speeding ticket.

Bus drivers are also notorious for trying to find out just how many passengers can be squeezed into the bus before the tyres on the vehicle deflate. The llama's build makes possible a llama to passenger ratio of only one to one. Therefore, one would never have to give up a seat to any little old lady who chances by. The view from this animal is exceptional, since there are no elbows or shopping bags in your face.

Llama do not require continuous importation of diesel oil, and they are content to work for grass. Maintenance is nominal, the llama's only major requirement being an annual shearing. If their few requests are met, they are unlikely to speed past a stop, leaving a passenger in limbo. Bus drivers, however, demand many more niceties and are almost sure to strike if their needs are not fulfilled.

It may seem that the bus drivers and the llamas have nothing at all in common. However, this is definitely untrue, like the bus drivers, when exhausted or overloaded, the llama will lie down on the job, hiss, spit, kick, and refuse to move.

R. L. Soares S4K



*'George' — stimulus for figure drawing exercise —
MR. V. EVANS*



Flower study: SUSAN GARDNER, Senior Year



'Alas, poor Yorick': Spot the 'O' Level candidate



Ticking Take Over

Tick, Tick go watches
But then a new watch appears
It works silently
Ever so silently.
With the press of a button
A vivid flash of light
And the time appears
These new computers are
slowly ticking over
These silent watches
Are appearing on many
Wrists. The tick, tick is
Slowly fading . . .
As these revolutionaries
Are ticking over
The ominous tick is
slowly fading tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick

Jeffrey Freeman S1B

Good Friday

The gentle pelt of rain ceases
and the moist sky is overflowing,
once again with many kites.

Marco Zanol S2P

Alone

The brandished sword came slashing down with blinding speed. In one fluid motion I had quickly dived and rolled and avoided the stroke of death. The skeletal figure now cautiously approached looking for the moment to strike. I tightened my sweaty grip on my battle axe and swung without warning. My blow harmlessly clashed against my opponent's sword. He moved like lightning and lunged his weapon towards my chest. I swerved, closed my eyes and swung with all my strength. A blood-curdling shriek pierced the early morning air as I felt my axe shatter the bones of the grotesque figure. All that could now be heard was the wind. Slowly I opened my eyes and stared at the skeleton crumpled on the ground. It still had the obscene, everlasting grin, but its eyes no longer glowed The closed door opened and my mom glared in at me.

Greg Scuff S4K

Boredom

The rain has started,
And I have nothing to do,
Except my homework.

Corin Smith S2P

Figure study, seated figure: ELWOOD FOX.

MUSIC REPORT



1980/81

It has been another year of varied activity in the Music Department and on the whole, a stimulating and enjoyable one.

The School Orchestra, drawn from both Junior and Senior Departments, gave two concerts in the year and the standard of playing was noticeably better than it had been in the past, mainly because of the more advanced technical skill of the string players.

The Choir combined with that of St. Johns again, plus many friends, to produce Carols for All in December. Some 130 voices, accompanied by Jean Motyer at the organ, and the Brass Ensemble, performed with all the spirit and joy one associates with Christmas. This has certainly become a popular annual event.

The Junior Choir provided support to the singing in this years dramatic production "Gunslinger". Accompanied by a small group of instrumentalists — namely Charles Dunstan, Alan Pitman and Ronnie Lopes, this was a highly enjoyable venture so expertly directed by Mr. Kermode.



W. D. Forte!

The Band was pleased to be invited to play at Government House in November at an informal gathering of representatives of various youth groups and schools.

Despite the uncertain atmosphere during the industrial dispute, it was decided to hold the Band Camp as usual in May. Although we had to send the members home for the night, I was delighted when so many returned the following day — albeit at 7.30 a.m.! The hours spent practising were well worth it as the results at the Band Concert demonstrated. Again, too, the standard of solo playing was high and special praise to John Johnston, David Judah, Richard Amos and Richard Dunn for their contributions.

Also in May, Stephen McMaster and John Johnston were selected by the Lion's Club to travel to New York to play in a band at a convention there. I know that they were good ambassadors for both Saltus and Bermuda.

It is good to see a growing number of Saltus boys as members of the Bermuda Youth Orchestra. To have been associated with such a worthwhile project as "Noye's Fludde" in the Bermuda Festival can only have been a very valuable experience for all those concerned.

The examination results, both practical and theoretical, were quite respectable. Congratulations to Robert Soares in obtaining Distinctions in Grade 6 and 7 Theory, to Robert Stubbs on his Distinction in Grade 5 Cello and also to John Johnston on being the first school pupil to pass Grade 8 in a Brass instrument in Bermuda.

The Saltus Concert Society thrives thanks to the dedication of Mrs. Pettit, her choir, the New London Quartet, Andrea Hodson and many other talented musicians who give so readily of their services.

Finally a special word of thanks to Mr. David Roberts as we say farewell to him and his family. During his five years at Saltus he has given so very generously of his time as a soloist and choir member, to say nothing of his expertise with the stage-lighting. We will miss him a great deal.

W. Duncan



The Brass and Choir prepared for action.



Concentrating hard!



Wind again?

RESULTS OF THE THEORY EXAMINATIONS OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC 1980/81

Distinction only awarded in Grades 6-8

- GRADE 8: C. Dunstan, D. Judah.
- GRADE 7: M. Busby (Distinction), R. Soares (Distinction), R. Amos, J. P. Skinner, R. Dunn.
- GRADE 6: R. Stubbs, E. Jackson, M. Cave, M. Bacon, S. McMaster, M. Fretwurst, J. Johnston, B. Judah, E. Marchais, J. Williams, T. McKittrick, I. Maule, R. Soares (Distinction).
- GRADE 5: S. Pedro, R. Smith, B. Finnerty, K. Marcoe, J. Mason, G. Brangman, N. Glynn, R. DeSilva, S. Ross.
- GRADE 4: M. Jeffrey, L. McKittrick, B. Rosoreoa, D. Mulholland, T. Dunstan, M. Roberts, N. Dyson, R. Hammond, B. Lattyak, P. Barrett.
- GRADE 3: R. Dey, C. Smith, A. Clarke, A. Fusinaz, I. Brackstone.
- GRADE 2: G. Lovell, J. Freeman, A. Waldron, T. Mahoney.
- GRADE 1: S. Downing.

PRACTICAL RESULTS 1980/81

- GRADE 8: J. Johnston — Trombone
- GRADE 6: J. P. Skinner — Piano
I. Maule — Horn
R. Dunn — Cello
S. McMaster — Trumpet
R. Smith — Violin
- GRADE 5: R. Stubbs — Cello with Distinction
S. Pearce — Trombone
M. Cave — Clarinet
J. P. Skinner — Violin with Merit
- GRADE 4: B. Judah — Viola with Distinction
L. McKittrick — Violin with Merit
P. Barrett — Piano
C. Smith — Violin
J. Mason — Piano
M. Montarsolo — Flute
E. Marchais — Piano with Merit
G. Brangman — Flute
A. Clarke — Flute
I. Brackstone — Trumpet
R. Hammond — Clarinet
S. Ross — Cello
- GRADE 3: B. Finnerty — Piano with Merit
N. Glynn — Piano
A. Waldron — Clarinet
M. Roberts — Trumpet with Merit
J. Freeman — Horn
A. Fusinaz — Piano
R. DeSilva — Violin
- GRADE 2: C. Bryan — Piano
- GRADE 1: K. Marcoe — Piano with Merit

Chess:



Now how does this bit move?

The Chess Club flourished this year with a membership of over 40 students, many of them from the first and second forms. This meant there was a certain lack of experience, some members only just learning to play, but with daily attendance they improved rapidly.

This year the Club was under the supervision of co-organizers, Mark Cave and Stephen Johnson, who are pleased with the way the Club has prospered.

A Round Robin was again held in the Christmas Term which saw Mark Cave cruise to an easy victory. The second Round Robin turned into an all-out battle with Christopher Bickley eventually winning. Both competitions were immensely successful. A large number of matches were played resulting in a

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme:

There are now some 30 boys involved in the Scheme, working towards their Bronze, Silver or Gold Awards. This year has seen an increase not only in the numbers of boys taking part in the scheme, but also in their enthusiasm for the various activities they have undertaken.

Expeditions remain the most popular section of the Award, and there have been some enterprising trips this year involving worthwhile projects or studies of Bermuda's flora and fauna. It is difficult to create the hardships of true expedition conditions in such a familiar environment, however, and it is hoped that more Gold and even Silver groups will be able to go abroad in the future to find more challenging terrain to explore.

Members of the Police Force gave of their own time to organize a series of lectures for Bronze Award participants giving them an interesting insight into what being a policeman is all about. Others attended a fire-fighting course kindly arranged by the Fire Service. A wide assortment of hobbies and sports were also pursued in the boys' own time to qualify them for other sections of the awards.

CLUBS

much improved standard of chess at the time of writing. The addition of various teachers to the Club added a new dimension to club play.

We extend our thanks to Mr. Derek Harris, an outstanding player on the Island, for his Wednesday visits to the Club to play simultaneously against the members. We have all benefitted from this. We also would like to thank Mr. Robert Bellin, a Chess Grand Master, for taking the time to play the Chess Club simultaneously. We also thank Mr. Tony Pettit for his aid and guidance in all Club matters.

It has been a good year and I hope next year will be even better.



Mr. Robert Bellin vs. the rest.



Back Row: Stewart, Cooper, Turner, Davidson
Middle Row: Fisher, Dunn, Gibbons, Mr. R. Gardner.
Front Row: McKittrick.

Next year Mr. Alistair Paterson — himself a Gold Medallist — will take over the running of the Scheme, bringing with him from the Bahamas a wide variety of talents and interests. We wish him and all those participating in the scheme good luck for the future.

Photography:



At the Exhibition: Kaardal, Rochfort, Whittle, Welch.

This year the Photography Club catered for two different groups of boys. Those who knew what they were doing and simply needed access to a dark room and for the novice who was willing to learn.

Adam Kassab, William Rowse and James Welch were my "experts" who on occasion needed access to the dark room for their own projects. I took charge of the willing learners group and tried to help them understand some basics of photography. This learners group was made up from Julian Rochfort, Steven Whittle, David Kaardal, Andrew Clarke, Dirk Scheland, Anthony Francis and Heath Robinson. These boys experimented with a light tight tin can to produce pin hole camera pictures using varying exposure times and photographic paper

for film. Positives were made from these "tin can" negatives to help the boys understand that on exposure to light the film or its equivalent in the camera produces a negative image.

As most of the novice group did not have easy access to a 35mm camera I permitted some of them to use my own Canon to shoot off some film to practice developing and printing.

One of our main events this year was a trip to Mr. Robin Judah's excellent Photography Exhibition titled "Bermuda Suite" held at the Bacardi Building. It was there that all of us learnt the importance of good composition in a well balanced picture. We all greatly enjoyed seeing, through Mr. Judah's eyes, the hidden beauty of forms that make up our everyday surroundings.

V. Evans



The Photo Club in the dark . . . room!

Sailing:



Back Row: Mr. R. Gardner, Davidson.

Middle Row: Mackie, Roberts, Mahoney, Bryan (P), Bryan (C)

Front Row: Cannonier, Walker, Clarke, Jones, DeSilva (R)

The weather conspired with other commitments to reduce the number of outings this year, and our boats did not receive their customary amount of use.

Nevertheless, several new members have been introduced to the excitement of sailing a Laser in a stiff breeze, and the satisfaction of remaining in control of the boat at the same time — no small feat in some of the conditions we have had.

The Optimist dinghies have also provided some interesting moments, and have given beginners the confidence to move up to more demanding classes. One of the most interesting local developments in sailing for young people is the success of the Sail Training Association, and it is to be hoped that several Saltus boys will follow Mark Fretwurst, Patrick Bryan and Timothy McKittrick in offshore training courses offered by the association in the future.

Stephen Davidson had some hair-rising tales of his trip up from Nassau on 'Pie Crust' and Allister Stewart may have some equally interesting yarns to tell when he arrives in Bermuda aboard the Norwegian square-rigger 'Sorlandet' from England via the Canaries and the Azores.

R.H.G.

GOLF

A Message To Junior Golfers

Golf is a game of decisions Which club should I take? Does the green break to the left or right? Should I risk playing a difficult shot in front of a bunker? etc The decision you make, of course, will depend on your ability to know how skilful you are in executing a particular shot at a particular time. Having the confidence to make the right decision depends entirely on your mental and mechanical skills — skills which can be achieved only through PRACTICE. Yes, you have to make a decision about that too!

Do you want to be a mediocre golfer or an excellent one? It doesn't really matter to anyone else, except yourself, WHAT decision you make. However, you must be realistic about your expectations. Development of your skill as a golfer depends on your attitude, and the frequency and dedication with which you practise! Don't expect to play like Jack Nicklaus if you never practise! Don't lose your temper when strange things happen to the flight of the ball if you have not mastered the basics of a good swing and practised to acquire the necessary skill to execute a particular shot. Don't grumble and expect rewards and honour if you have attended coaching sessions, learned to do something, then reverted to the easier, incorrect way of playing a shot.

Set yourself a target, a standard of skill you wish to achieve at the beginning of every golf season and make realistic goals for yourself, with the knowledge that you are going to practise x number of times per week. Acquire a dedicated attitude and enjoy each little success that comes along by measuring your progress against yourself a few less putts per round, lowering your handicap by a few shots, developing a delicate accuracy around the greens. Yes, Golf is just a game,



Timmy Brewer (Left) and Jonathan Ingham.



David Swift: Net. Champion.

but in the process of learning it, you should develop a good attitude to all other tasks that come your way and to life in general.

This year every Saltus golfer has had innumerable opportunities to improve his game through the activities of the Saltus Golf Club, organized lunch time competitions, B.G.A. weekly tournaments, special coaching sessions with one of the foremost P.G.A. professionals in the U.S.A., Dr. Gary Wiren, and by participating in overseas tournaments. Boys who have made the most of their opportunities will probably become the future golf champions of Bermuda.

Competitions, Tournaments & Merit Awards 1980-1981

In order to encourage boys to improve their chipping and putting skills, this season a new competition was introduced as a lunch time activity. Challenge matches were played — with boys challenging those one or two places above them on the LADDER. At the end of the season, the winners were David Swift (Senior) Michael G. Davis (Junior).

Saltus Golf Championships

Junior: Gross 38: Chris Marshall
(9 holes) Net 43: Grant Forbes
Senior: Gross 84: David Mocklow
(18 holes) Net 66: David Swift

Merit Awards

Green Badge (Stage 1)
Peter Brown, Adrian Fusinaz, Karim Lalami,
Billy Paterson.

Yellow Badge (Stage 2)
Stephen Cullimore, Grant Forbes, David
Kendall, Christopher B. Marshall, Christopher
P. Marshall, Brian Morris.



Grant Forbes and Chris Marshall
(Junior Champions)

Red Badge (Stage 3)

Timmy Brewer, Jonathan Ingham, James
Mason, David Mocklow, Brian Rosoreia,
David Swift.

The Inter Schools Pairs Cup Net Prize
1981 was won by Christopher Bickley and
David Chew.

The following boys will compete in the
Atlantic International Junior Golf Championships
in Nova Scotia in August. Geoffrey
Parker, Bryan Adams, Timmy Brewer, Grant
Forbes, Chris P. Marshall, James Mason,
Chris B. Marshall, David Mocklow.

World Junior Golf Championships — San Diego

Timmy Brewer and Jonathan Ingham
have been selected to represent Bermuda in
this prestigious tournament which will take
place in August. Timmy and Jonathan have
been preparing themselves for this event in
special coaching sessions at the Southampton
Princess with Colin Williams.

We wish all Junior Golfers success in
their endeavours!

C. J. & L. WILLIAMS



James Mason: Under 13 champion.

SPORTS



SENIOR SCHOOL SPORTS REPORT

1980-81 has been another very successful year in the Senior School sports programme. It has been successful, in terms of results, but, more importantly, it proved to be successful in terms of pupil participation and attitude.

Approximately 85% of the school participated in the sports programme either at inter-school or inter-house level. This is an excellent percentage and says a lot for the enthusiasm of the staff and the willingness of the pupils.

I have been very lucky to watch the Saltus attitude excellently exhibited many times this year. On many occasions when other groups have been some-

what disorderly, our boys have been able to exhibit a maturity that in some cases was well ahead of their years.

I was also very lucky to accompany the soccer team to England at Easter. I am convinced Bermuda and Saltus could not have had better ambassadors, but more of that on other pages.

Obviously, not all has been a bed of roses, but this year has seen fewer problems with attitude and application.

Hopefully, if this teamwork continues our future in all areas, not just the games field, must be a certain one.

Jon Beard

SOCER

1st XI

P10 W4 D2 L4

It has been an extremely good season, particularly with regard to the standard of football played. A very small squad worked very hard to produce a very hard-working team. Possibly the best game of the season was a 0-0 draw against Warwick Secondary, which was a splendid example of disciplined teamwork. Another good game was the cup quarter final against Berkeley which we won 6-1. Unfortunately, for the second successive year, we lost in the semi-final of the Cup.

Donald Moniz and George Daniels helped keep out many a goal in their vastly different sides. Defensively, we improved all season. David Mocklow emerged as a fine full-back, as did Patrick Bean who was "promoted" a year early. Few forwards got past centre back Ellwood Fox, and those who did found Carl Clift gave little away.

A hard-working mid-field of Gene Pascoe, Troy Harvey, and Danny Stovell used their various strength and covered each other's few weaknesses in fine style, and proved to be the powerhouse of the team.

In the front line Vincent Chaves and Romano Ramirez tormented most defences, with Lyndon Smith always giving a dependable, hard-working performance. Substitutes, Paul Handsley and Tim McKittrick were always prepared to come on and play anywhere and as such they were invaluable. Leading goalscorer was vice-captain Eugene Pascoe. Captain Danny Stovell is to be congratulated on doing such an excellent job.

Colours:

Re-awarded: Moniz, Mocklow, Stovell, Pascoe, Ramirez, Chaves.

New: Daniels, Bean, Fox, Harvey, Smith (L), Handsley.

Intermediate

As so often happens this age group often feel they know it all, and it is this attitude that lets them down early on. Luckily, Mr. Morrison was able to sort this out, but his hard work was not evident until the final few games. Possibly the best example of this was when we were defeated by Berkeley 6-0 in the league, and then later beat them 3-1 in the Cup. Andrew Dias did a very good job as captain.

Junior

A physically small side that really had to battle to compete with bigger teams. Although not successful in results, the lessons taught by Messrs. Durrant and Palmer will, I am sure, stand them in good stead for future years.



SENIOR SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: Mr. J. Beard (coach), Smith (L), Mocklow, Pascoe, Fox, Moniz (D), Clift, Handsley.

Front Row: Ramirez, Harvey, Stovell, Bean, Chaves.



INTERMEDIATE SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: Mouchette, Farias, Smith (R), Moniz (M), Amott, Mansi, Symons, Swan, Mr. D. Morrison (coach).

Front Row: O'Brien, Morbey, Chambers, Dias (Capt.), Boyle, Morris, Pitcher.



JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: Ingham, Boyle, Mason, Robinson, Zanol, DeSilva (J), Brackstone, Dill.

Front Row: Chew, McPhee, Clarke, Dey (Capt.), Francis, Hodgkins, Lightboum.



RUGBY

Season 1981

For the boys involved in the U-17 Rugby season it was a frustrating and disappointing one in that they achieved only one win. We had a large pack of forwards who won plenty of possession but unfortunately it took until the last game before the correct blend of selection and passing skills gave us our one well deserved win. This league had been won by an undefeated M.S.A. side to whom we offered a sporting challenge of a final friendly game but unfortunately this challenge was not accepted, leaving us only with a moral victory!

In the U-17 "sevens" both our teams narrowly lost to the Whitney team which went on to win the U-17 Cup in their own competition.

Patrick Bryan's report shows how he saw the games played. "Having beaten Warwick Academy 'B' 18-0 at the preliminaries, the Saltus Under-15 team were feeling confident of putting on a good game at the finals. In the semi-finals we were scheduled to play Mt. Saint Agnes and after a cautious kick-off we dominated the game, with good running from Gareth Cooper and "Bobby" Soares and sound support from the rest of the team. We beat them 10-3 thus ensuring our place in the finals; Warwick Academy 'A' put down Whitney and so we had our work cut out for us.

"In the finals we won the toss and elected to receive in order to gain possession and hopefully to get the first score. After the first few minutes, it became clear that Warwick's weight was helping them in the scrums. We held on, however, and got the first points. The rest of the first half and the start of the second were in Warwick's favour but most of the second half was spent with Saltus slowly pushing forward and we were only 5 or 6 yards from a try when the final whistle went giving Warwick the cup, 10-3.

"For such an inexperienced and small team we really put all our effort into the final and it was a disappointment not to come away with another victory."

As far as the U-14 league and U-13 Cup Competition was concerned this was the season for the 'B' teams in both age groups. The U-14 B's won their league and the U-13 B's won their way through to the U-13 7's cup final only to be beaten by their own schools 'A' team. 'A' team captain Michael Klein sums up the boys feelings best.

"When the teams arrived at Whitney we all had a feeling of confidence. When assembled we went down to the Whitney field. Hundreds of spectators from Whitney were around the field. We walked across the field to where the teams from Saltus were sitting. Knowing we were playing the first two games, we started to do some exercises.

"A whistle went and the 'B' team played Warwick Academy. In five minutes 'Butch' Robinson ran the field for a try and a few minutes later he did it again. Andrew Clarke made the conversion twice and we won the game 12-0.

"The next game was our 'A' team against the favourites, the Whitney team. Being the captain, I went out to the middle of the field to meet the other captain. We chose to receive. The game was moving from end to end when we made a break and Corin Smith made a try; it wasn't converted. Then came half time. Everyone was tense, but we still played well and we succeeded in reaching the finals."

V. Evans(Coach)



SENIOR 7's TEAM:

Back Row: Mocklow, Van Beelen (K), Joblin, Patterson,
Mr. B. Toms (coach)
Front Row: Lunn, Scaff, Amos.



INTERMEDIATE 7's TEAM: 1st Day

Back Row: Fitch, Mouchette, Dias, Soares (RL), Mr. B. Toms (coach).
Front Row: Cooper, McKittrick, Bryan (P).



REVISED INTERMEDIATE 7's TEAM:

Back Row: Fitch, Bryan (P), Cullimore, Lotherington
Middle Row: Cooper, Soares (RL), Mouchette.
Front Row: Swan, McKittrick (L).



JUNIOR 7's SQUAD

Back Row: Dowling, Smith (C), DeSilva (J), Klein, Young, Dyson, Hammond, Mr. V. Evans (coach)
Front Row: Munro, Dill, Mason, Robinson, Harrison, Petty, Gringley, Dey, Clarke.

BASKETBALL



Scaff and Mocklow on their way up.

Junior Basketball

An excellent season in which the team went from strength to strength. This was mostly clearly seen when at the beginning of the season they were soundly defeated by Chaffee, but when we met again in the semi-final of the tournament we beat them. Although losing a close final to Berkeley, the team can be very proud of their performance.

In other league action we lost by one point to M.S.A., were well beaten by Berkeley, and defeated Warwick Academy, Robert Crawford and Whitney. A very good job was done by captain Richard Boyle. Leading point scorer was Robin Hamill.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM:

Back Row: Mr. J. Beard (coach), Swan, Jackson, Cooper, Swift, Hamill, Van Beelen (A)

Front Row: Mason, Moniz, Boyle, Hamill, Pitcher.

Senior Basketball

Although this may have been regarded as a poor season by some of the players, it was in fact a season that demonstrated strength of character and application by team members. We started the season with totally new faces in that all five of last season's starters had left. We were convincingly beaten by M.S.A. and Chaffee, had very close games against Berkeley and Whitney before eventually losing to them, and defeated Robert Crawford and Warwick Academy. The game against Warwick Academy was perhaps one of the high spots of the season, for at half-time we were down by 6 points, yet the team picked themselves up to win by a clear 15-point margin. Gary Perry is to be commended for doing a first-class job as captain and also finishing as leading point-scorer.

Colours:

Re-awarded: Perry, Mocklow

New: Lewis, Chaves, Clift, Scaff, Jorstad



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAMS

Back Row: Jorstad, Mocklow, Mr. J. Beard (coach)

Front Row: Fox, Clift, Perry, Chaves, Lewis.

VOLLEYBALL



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Back Row: Fox, Jorstad, Mocklow, Dunstan, Lee (S),
Mr. J. Beard (coach)

Front Row: Moniz, Clift, Perry (capt.), Doughty, Chaves.



JUNIOR A & B VOLLEYBALL TEAMS

Back Row: Van Beelen (A), Pitcher, Hamill, Cooper, Smith (R),
Mansi, Jackson, Mr. J. Beard (coach)

Front Row: Hayward (capt.), McKittrick (L), Dunn,
Moniz (M) (capt.), Stubbs, Klein, Fisher, Bacon, Young.

Cross-Country

At the inter-school meet, Saltus once again did exceptionally well, with those boys who had made best use of Mr. Roskilly's Running Club, coming out best overall.

George Scuff came 3rd overall in the Senior competition, and Roland Lines was just pipped for 1st place in the Junior competition.

Inter-house

Due to a flu epidemic the format was changed to involve only six boys per house per age group. Consequently the competition and standard were of a high standard.

Junior: 1st R. Lines (Saltus) 11:55. 1st house Saltus

Inter: 1st L. McKittrick (Watlington) 20:57.
1st house Butterfield

Senior: 1st T. Harvey (Darrell) 22:26. 1st house Butterfield
1st house overall SALTUS

Senior

Volleyball had its most successful season ever at Saltus as our Senior team won both the league and the annual tournament, finishing both as undefeated champions. Possibly their best performance was against M.S.A. in the tournament, where after the lead changed hands several times, we spurted ahead to win 16-14. It's to their credit that they stayed within the limitations of their ability, rarely trying something they knew they could not finish correctly. Thus their game of covering for each other and knowledgeable teamwork saw them through. David Mocklow deserves special mention for an excellent job as captain, his all-round ability was a vital asset to the team as was the defensive aerobatics of Gary Perry and the well-used 'tips' of Donald Moniz — but, of course, such success is always a team effort and it is the team that is to be congratulated.

Colours:

Re-awarded: Moniz, Perry, Mocklow

New: Doughty, Dunstan, Jorstad, McKittrick, Clift, Chaves, Lee, Fox.

Junior

Again, a successful season. The team, well led by Michael Moniz, were unlucky to finish third in both the league and the tournament. A little more consistency would have brought better results. Nevertheless, many useful lessons have been learnt and things look well for the future.

CROSS-COUNTRY



Oh, the joy of it all!

CRICKET



"Poe" dispatches a Whitney ball for 4.

1st XI

Won 1 Drawn 1 Lost 3

This year for the first time inter-school cricket was organised on an east-west league basis. The winners of each league went through to the final at National Stadium. The competition was sponsored by Argonaut and their trophy was eventually won by Robert Crawford. Saltus were in the same qualifying section as Robert Crawford and we had two very close games against them. In the first game we lost by a slower scoring rate of 0.15 of a run per over. The second game was even closer as we needed two runs off the last ball, to win on faster scoring rate, with one wicket in hand. Despite valiant efforts by Sean Symons we got one run before Sean was run out going for the second.

Our two games against Whitney were also hard fought. The first we again lost narrowly by 3 runs while the second we won in style by 9 wickets thanks to a hard hitting 60 not out by Vincent Chaves and 40 not out by Reynard Smith. These two, together with Ellwood Fox and 'Po' Lewis scored most of the runs and also did most of the bowling. Other useful contributions came from Troy Harvey, Patrick Bean and Delmon Talbot whose 4 wicket for 12 runs off 8 overs against Whitney was the best bowling performance of the season. Jeff Amaral kept wicket tidily and made runs at crucial times.

The Founders Day game against the Old Boys was a predictably one-sided affair but the school did well to hold on for a draw after being set 276 to win in under 2 hours. Credit for this must go to Ellwood Fox who batted for most of the school innings and refused to be tempted to indiscretion.

Altogether it has been an encouraging season and all the school games have been very close. A number of promising players remain for next year who can only have benefitted from their experiences in the 1981 season.

School Results

Whitney 114 for 7

Whitney 110 for 6

*Robert Crawford 142 for 8

*Robert Crawford 120 for 5

* Games lost on faster scoring rate.

Saltus 111 all out

Saltus 114 for 1

Saltus 130 for 6

Saltus 114 all out

Junior Cricket

Although they did not win any of their three league games, their improvement was excellent. Obviously many of the lessons taught by Mr. Hamson were being learned and should stand us in good stead for the future. Chris Swan, once again, did an excellent job on and off the field. He was ably assisted by Brian Morris who made considerable progress this term to the extent that he was selected for the 1st XI for the game against the Old Boys.



FOUNDER'S DAY XI

Back Row: Mr. C. Palmer, Mr. D. Morrison, Talbot, Fox.
Front Row: Smith (R), Morris, Chaves, Amaral, Bean, Lewis



JUNIOR CRICKET XI

Back Row: Jackson, Smith (C), Harrison, Amott, Morris, Morbey, Farias.
Front Row: Mason, Clarke, Swan (capt.), Caton, Ross

RUNNING CLUB



Winners of 50 mile Club vests

I-r: Zanol, Jones, Soares (J), Lines (R), Ryall.

This year Roland Lines, Marco Zanol and Robert Jones gained their 50 mile vests. Roland also came second in the Inter-Schools Cross-Country and has been doing well outside of school e.g. May 25th Marathon Derby and College Week's Race.

Jay-Jay Soares, Russell Dey and James Mason also provided support to the school in matches in the Central Zone League. Jay-Jay won the Intermediate 3,000m race on Sports Day and we were treated to some exciting battles between Roland Lines and Marco Zanol in the 3,000m, 1,500m and 800m races. Marco won all three and broke the school record for the 3,000m, a record he set last year.

The school cross-country races were won by Roland Lines (Junior), Liam McKittrick (Intermediate) and Troy Harvey (Senior).

We were disappointed to lose Phillip Marsh early in the year. He started the season in excellent form and has been running at Warwick Academy.

Alan Roskilly



A reward for a dedicated runner.

SWIMMING

Once again, our swim team started the year off well for us with a resounding win in the inter-school meet. Although the opposition is getting harder each year, the effort, attitude and performance of our swimmers continues at an excellent standard. George Scaff once again did an excellent job as team captain, both in and out of the pool. It is very hard to single out anyone for special mention as all did exceptionally well, but perhaps a note should be made of the efforts made by Schyler Dowling who made a determined effort in training to improve his technique and whose success in winning his event is a monument to the motto: "Work conquers all".

Swimming Results:

Under 13's

- 1st Butterfly, Freestyle.
2nd Backstroke, Breast, Freestyle relay and medley relay

Under 15

- 1st Butterfly, Backstroke
2nd Breast, Freestyle,
1st Freestyle relay and medley relay.

Over 15

- 1st Butterfly, Backstroke, Freestyle, Freestyle relay and medley relay.
2nd Breaststroke.

Teams

Under 13 Young, Dyson, Fusinaz, Hammond, Dowling

Under 15 Mansi, Morbey, Hamill, Jackson, Jeffrey

Over 15 Scaff, (1) Scaff (2), Patterson, Joblin, Capt. Scaff (1)



Part of our successful SWIM TEAM:
Back Row: Hamill (R), Maule, Patterson, Jackson.
Front Row: Scaff, Joblin, Young, Dowling.

TRACK & FIELD



Saltus again had a fairly successful time at the inter-school sports, finishing fourth in both junior and senior sections, and also finishing fourth overall. Some very good performances were turned in by our athletes. Special mention should go to Marco Zanol for an excellent 1500m race, and Romano Ramirez for an excellent all-round performance. (Romano once again gained a bronze medal in the pole vault for Bermuda at the Carifta Games).

Results:

Inter School

Under 13

800m	M. Zanol (3rd)
Shot Putt	S. Dowling (3rd)
Pole Vault	D. Chew (2nd) A. McPhee (3rd)
1500m	M. Zanol (1st) (5.00.3)

Under 15

Javelin	K. Simmons (2nd)
Pole Vault	P. Bryan (3rd)
Shot Putt	J. DeCouto (4th)

Over 15

800m	G. Scuff (4th)
Javelin	R. Ramirez (1st 152'8") NEW RECORD
Pole Vault	R. Ramirez (1st 11') N. Parsons (2nd)

In the inter-house meet, competition was once again "neck and neck" throughout as houses battled for the prestigious first place.



"Dear Ann Landers . . ."



Grenville playing marbles!



"When I say pull, pull and we'll have him on his back."





"Who threw that Javelin ... Amott?"



Victor Ludorum: Romano Ramirez



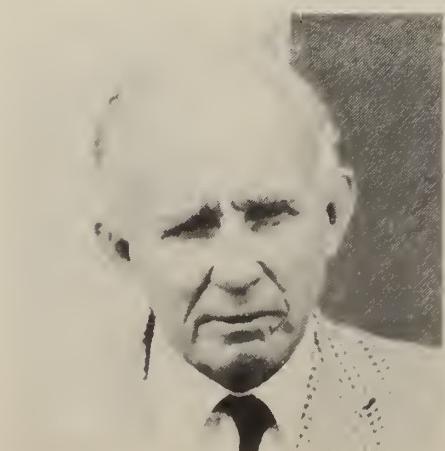
Victorious as ever, 2-0!



"And they all fall down."



Rounding the final bend.



Old-boy, D. J. Williams, who kindly presented the prizes.



The means and the ends.



Mr. P. still smiling.



The one-legged race



Aaaargh! Can someone help me up!



A fine 400m win for Perry



A record breaking run for Watlington in the relay.

Sports Day Results

* NEW RECORD

Junior

100 metres :	Smith (S)
200 metres :	Smith (S)
400 metres :	Petty (S)
800 metres :	Zanol (W)*
1500 metres :	Zanol (W)*
3000 metres :	Zanol (W)*
Pole Vault :	Petty (s)
Long Jump :	Petty (S)
Triple Jump :	Petty (S)
High Jump :	Dowling (D)
Discus :	New (S)
Javelin :	Dowling (D)
Shot Putt :	Chew (S)
Relay :	Saltus

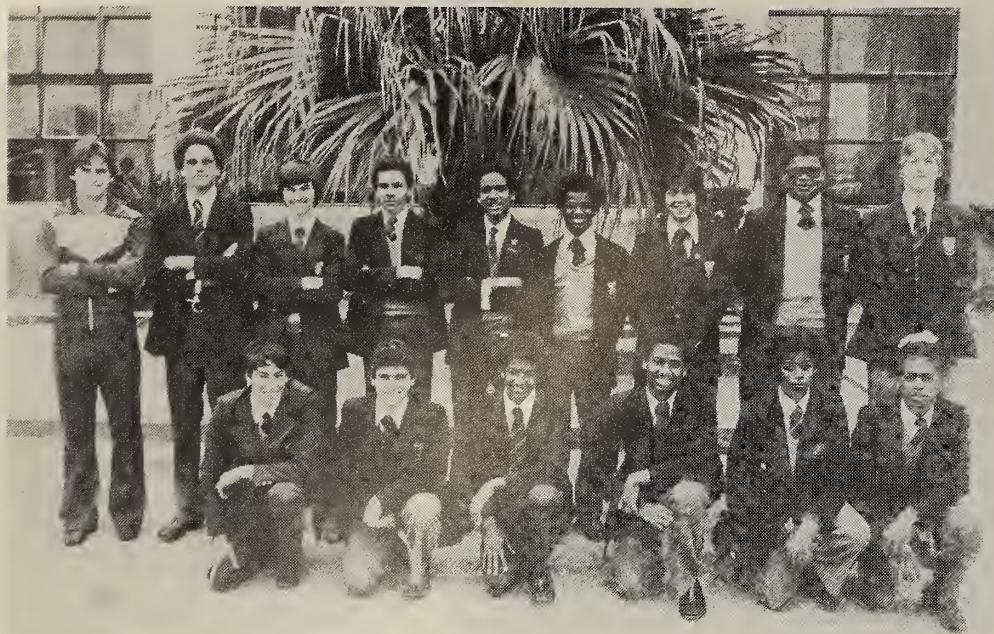
Intermediate

100 metres :	Hamill (B)
200 metres :	Symons (D)
400 metres :	Cooper (D)
800 metres :	Dias (S)
1500 metres :	O'Leary (W)
3000 metres :	Soares J. (W)
Pole Vault :	Bean (S)
Long Jump :	Morbey (B)
Triple Jump :	Boyle (W)
High Jump :	Simmons (B)
Discus :	Simmons (B)
Javelin :	DeCouto (B)
Shot Putt :	Bryan (W)
Relay :	Butterfield

Senior

100 metres :	Stovell (W)
200 metres :	Ramirez (B)
400 metres :	Perry (B)
800 metres :	Stovell (W)
1500 metres :	DeSilva (S)
3000 metres :	Harvey (D)
Pole Vault :	Ramirez (B)
Long Jump :	Williams (W)
Triple Jump :	Lewis (B)*
High Jump :	Smith (W)
Discus :	Ramirez (B)
Javelin :	Smith (W)
Shot Putt :	Ramirez (B)
Relay :	Watlington *

SALTUS ON TOUR:



THE TOURING TEAM:

Back Row: Mr. J. Beard (coach), Smith (L), Clift, Harvey, Pascoe, Stovell, Perry,
Daniels, Mocklow.

Front Row: Moniz (D), Amaral, Chaves, Lewis, Symons, Bean.

SOCCER TOUR 1981

The second Saltus Soccer Tour to England during the Easter holidays proved what worthy ambassadors of the School and Bermuda our boys are. The trip was an overwhelming success from start to finish. The results are elsewhere on this page, let it suffice, therefore, for me to say that the standard of football played by us was excellent, and the narrow defeats of the last two games were as much a product of exhaustion as anything else.

Typically, the boys threw themselves into everything with complete determination in all three of the bases we made: Millfield School, Somerset; Dudley, West Midlands; and Bromyard, Herefordshire. Also, before visiting Millfield we stayed a few days in London.

During our stay we saw and did many things such as: ice skating, visiting a safari park, visiting Bristol City Football Club, Hereford United Football Club and Wembley Stadium. We also went to Madame Tussauds, a nuclear power station and a motor-cycle scramble. Also, of course, we saw three first division games.

Fitted in amongst this were the football matches! Possibly the most interesting game was that against Queen Elizabeth High School, Bromyard, as this capped a day of sport against the school. We met in badminton, basketball, indoor football and indoor cricket, as well as the main game. (We won the basketball, indoor cricket — and the main game.) This game was followed by a disco involving ourselves and the pupils at the school. The legend of Bromyard that started on the first tour continued again, for a good time was had by all!

Wherever the boys went their behaviour was impeccable and they were favourably commented on by all who came in contact with them.

From my point of view, few people envied me taking 15 boys 3,000 miles from home by myself — to them I would say it was a pleasure to be with this group of boys who brought nothing but praise to Saltus and Bermuda, and nothing but pride to me.

Jon Beard

Tour Results

Strode College 1	Saltus 6
Crispin College 0	Saltus 6
Wells Lads Club 0	Saltus 7
Dudley Youth 5	Saltus 0
Blakedown Colts 1	Saltus 3
Queen Elizabeth School 1	Saltus 4
Lad's Club 3	Saltus 1
Abergavenny 2	Saltus 1



In Action!



Mr. Beard greets the Mayor of Dudley.



Senior Year 1981

SENIOR YEAR REPORT

From the outset, those students entering Senior Year 1980-81 had a formidable task facing them if they were to maintain, or improve upon, the performance of the previous year's group. The Advanced Placement results for May 1980 were the best achieved by any class since the inception of the Programme. Although this year's examination statistics are not available at press time, in other respects the record has been equally impressive.

Students continue to be accepted at prestigious universities and colleges throughout North America. This year, however, Canada has had to take second place to the United States as the most popular destination of our students. Yet, no matter where they choose to further their studies, there can be little doubt that the calibre of Senior Year students continues to be recognised by institutions of higher education. I say this with confidence, not only on the basis of academic exemptions granted by many universities, but also on the unprecedented amount of financial assistance in the form of scholarships and awards achieved by this year's class. At the time of writing, a total of \$25,000 has already been received by our students, and I have every reason to believe that this figure will be increased by September. I thank, once again, those individuals and organizations who remain extremely loyal in their support of both our Programme and the further education of Bermudian students.

Undoubtedly, the esteem in which Senior Year students are held is due principally to the efforts of all those who work so hard

to make the Programme effective. On behalf of the present class, I extend their thanks and mine to the administrators, teachers and office-staff, each of whom has a vital role to play. However, the continued success of Senior Year depends, above all, on the students themselves. Universities gauge their opinion of us by the students we send to them. Entry into Senior Year, therefore, which itself is not an automatic right, carries with it certain responsibilities which extend beyond the bounds of the Programme. Students should realise these responsibilities and aim to fulfil them if they are to remain fine ambassadors abroad.

Malcolm Durrant



'In a rub-a-dub style ...'

THE GRADUATES OF 1980-81



Jeffrey Amaral



Dannielle Bezant



Peter Blyth



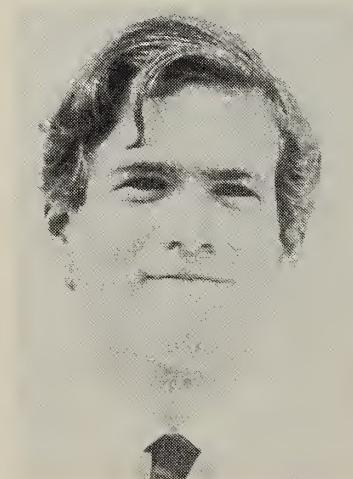
Alison Capstick



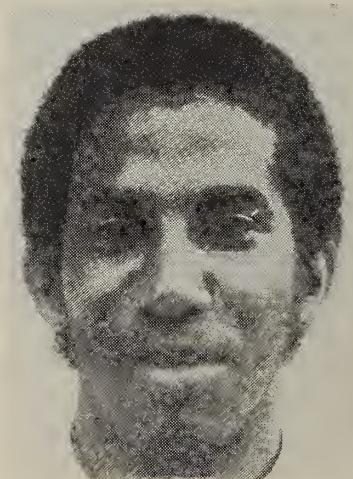
Carlos De Silva



Charles Dunstan



Jonathan Evans



Elwood Fox



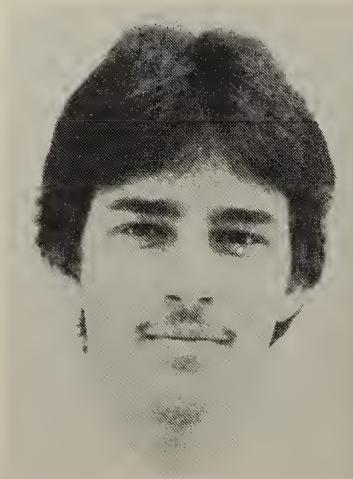
Susan Gardner



Lisa Gibbons



Michelle Grant



Craig Harris



Cheryl Hayward



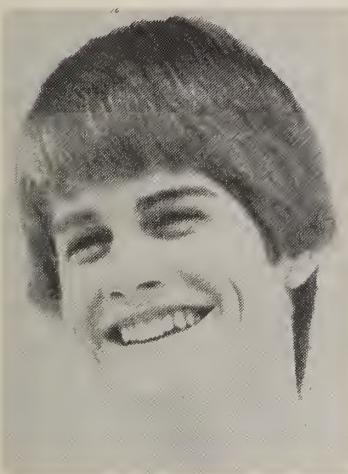
Karla Hollis



Dag Jorstad



David Judah



M. Sean Lee



Stanley Lee



Eversley Lewis



Stuart Lunn



Kathy MacKenzie



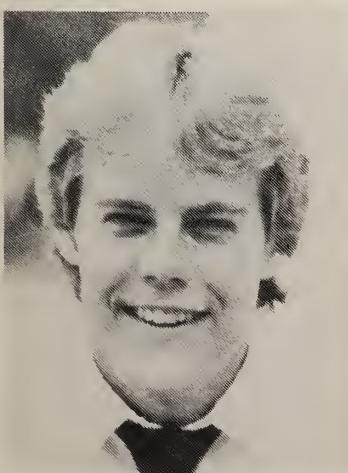
David Mocklow



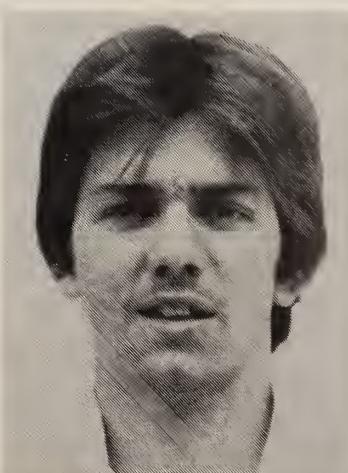
Donald Moniz



John Mulderig



Mark Patterson



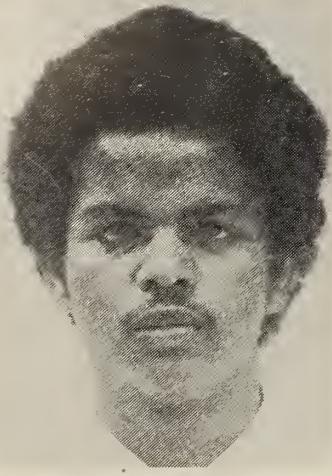
Gary Perry



Lisa Quinn



Tammy Rogers



Delmon Talbot



Duncan Tavares



Belinda Tibley



Daniel Stovell



Tina Wittich

College-bound

Jeffrey Amaral — Acadia or Toronto — Business Administration

Dannielle Bezant — Duke University — Science.

Peter Blyth — Boston University — Computer Engineering.

Alison Capstick — Tasis School, Switzerland or Western
— Science

Carlos DeSilva — Dalhousie — Engineering Science.

Charles Dunstan — Acadia — Business Administration.

Jonathan Evans — Johns Hopkins
— History & Political Science.

Elwood Fox — Queens — Science

Susan Gardner — Rhode Island School of Design
— Interior Architecture.

Lisa Gibbons — Queens — Pre-Law.

Michelle Grant — Undecided — deferred admission.

Craig Harris — University of Bridgeport or Boston University
— History and Political Science.

Cheryl Hayward — Western — Science.

Karla Hollis — Mount Allison — Science.

Dag Jorstad — Merchant Marine.

David Judah — Forest School, Essex, England

M. Sean Lee — Connecticut College — Economics.

C. Stanley Lee — Mount Allison or Queens

— Business Administration.

Eversley Lewis — Mitchell College — Business.

Stuart Lunn — Western — Science.

Katherine MacKenzie — University of Tampa
— Business Management.

David Mocklow — Western — Business Administration.

Donald Moniz — Acadia — Computer Science.

John Mulderig — Hamilton College — English.

Mark Patterson — Mount Allison or Acadia
— Business Management.

Gary Perry — Mitchell College — Liberal Arts.

Lisa Quinn — Middlebury — Interior Design/Graphics.

Tammy Rogers — Acadia — Business Administration.

Daniel Stovell — Mitchell College or Acadia — Liberal Arts.

Delmon Talbot — Boston University
— Aeronautical Engineering/Flight Training

Duncan Tavares — Northeastern — Business Administration.

Belinda Tibley — Acadia — Science.

Tina Wittich — University of Vermont — Liberal Arts.



Imagine if:



Susan didn't wear her sweater.
Cheryl wasn't chewing gum
Kathy missed some gossip.
Tammy and Dannielle skipped eating lunch.
Tina wore the same shoes twice.
Jeffrey did his art homework.
Charles didn't comb his hair.
Craig didn't have an excuse.
Poe and Elwood read the set books for English.
Gary didn't 'volunteer'
Karla and Carlos didn't break up every week
Stanley failed a math test.
Mark spoke.
Sean didn't speak.
Donald lost his track suit jacket.
Peter or Stuart stayed sober.
Bumpy didn't swear.
Danny went to chemistry.
Jonathan went to a synagogue.
Alison lost a tennis match.









OUT ON A LIMB!

Junior School Staff

*Back Bough
(l-r)*

Mr. M. Beasley
Mr. S. Adams, B.A. (Edinburgh)
Mrs. M. Pettit, Dip.Ed., R.S.A.M., L.R.S.M.
Miss M. Armstrong

Middle:

Mr. G. Sutherland
Mr. P. Lever
Rev. T. Abernethy
Mrs. K. Walker (Reading)
Mrs. J. Zuill
Mrs. L. Williams

Front:

Miss E. M. Wilkie (Head of Department)

Missing:

Mrs. K. Latter

Arts and Crafts

I was only trying to help

I was pondering over what I should do at lunch-time. Mr. Beasley came in and asked for three volunteers to help set up the art room at lunch-time. Herbie, Derek and I immediately shot our hands into the air. Sir picked us and with a "thank you" left. I was anxiously waiting for the end of our geography lesson, so I could dash to the art room.

The next fifteen minutes seemed like an hour. Finally the bell rang. I stuffed my books into my desk, (making a lulu of a mess mind you) and got up screeching my chair. That lunch almost made me sick because I was eating so fast. But as luck would have it, we were the last table to be dismissed. I tried to run to the classroom but it's hard with a chair in your way. After putting my chair away I rushed to the art room and immediately asked Sir what I should do.

The first thing I was to do was to find any paints that were very watery. I took some containers of paint out and looked at them. I never knew that those suckers were so slippery. It sent Derek into a panic and he started stepping on the containers sending paint everywhere. Herbie was scared from my yell and dropped the glue jars. They both looked at me and said I was to blame. Then I turned around and saw a scarlet Sir. I could hear him quietly counting to ten.

After I cleared up that mess I was to start making the bookshelf tidy. I took out a big book on water colours and straightened it. Then I tried to put it back in, but it wouldn't go. I pushed and pushed but it still wouldn't go. Then I took a swing at the book. There was a cry behind me, "NOOOO!!!!" I hit the book with full force and every single book on the shelf went flying. I sat in a pile of books looking at Mr. Beasley. He turned purple and I leaped over the table. I ran across the quad with Sir at my heels. And all the way across I yelled "I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP!"

Kevin Mayall J7S



J. YOUNG, J7A

Alien's Landing

A white, eerie light plummeted downwards through the night sky. It raced down, down, down and then, suddenly, it erupted into a ball of flames. I carefully ran to the spot where the object lay and scouted around, looking for any sign of life. Slowly I descended into the crater. A hidden door slid back and a small creature, about half the size of a ten year old, crawled out. Nimbly the alien arose and took a step toward me.

The alien had a rather large head. His feet were webbed between the toes and his head was bald and he had small snake-like tentacles on it. The creature's arms were of enormous length and had webbing in between the claw-like fingers. The alien had no nose, but had eyes and a small mouth.

Suddenly he dove at me and his claw tightened around my throat. I rolled over and over again, then I lashed out with my fist, but his huge arms blocked my punch. I struggled to my feet and faced the creature in a horse stance. Suddenly, I lept up and with a flying side kick I knocked the alien senseless.

By now the police and army were on the scene and had started to handcuff the alien when they found the handcuffs would not fit. Quickly the alien tore free and clambered aboard his ship. The ship arose and hovered in the sky, then it flew away into the deep blue yonder.

Brett Marshall J7S

The Things that live in our Garden

Have you really stopped to think, of the different creatures that dwell in the midst of our gardens?

Some of you may take them for granted and some of you do not. Have you ever thought about the snail, in his dusky coloured shell with his silver slimy body, as it glides across each cabbage leaf at the same time taking a slight nibble or two of the plump cabbage? Or have you ever thought about the slimy brown worm as it slithers, and wriggles through the deep underground caverns of its home? Or maybe the spider, with its silver clear web dangling in between two leaves, waiting for a mindless fly to come whizzing by and land right in the midst of the web, instantly becoming entangled, to become a nice meal for the hairy eight legged spider. Or how about the caterpillar as it inches along step by step, happily munching on mother's roses, thinking nothing what anybody thinks of it.

Maybe the first thought that comes to your mind as you think of the creatures in a world of their own is, "YUK!". True some of them we could do without, but think favourably of what some others do for our garden, such as the worm, with its subterranean tunnels it airs our plants roots. Or how about the spider, with its silvery web, it catches and devours the creatures that may bring harm to our garden? Or how about the bee, which mixes up the pollen so the flowers will grow fruit?

Now you see at least some of the creatures help to make up our garden. Now what do you think of the creatures that live in our garden?

Derek Joaquin J7S



M. G. DAVIS, J7S

A New Year — a New School:

It is very different from Prep School . . . My favourite lesson is History because I always wanted to learn about cavemen . . . The school is very wide and very big and very long . . . The school is very nice — but I hate homework . . . On most of the lunch tables we have nice table monitors — but some are nicer than others . . . I hate English Language . . . In science we talk about trees and insects and the human body . . . I hate Math . . . We get here at 8.30, and 10.35 it is recess, at 12.15 it is lunch and at 3.30 we go home . . . I hate Geog . . . the building is a strange shape . . . On Friday Mrs. Zuill reads a book . . . I think the school is very nice, not because the teachers are so nice but because I like the subjects. I think the most interesting subjects are science and music. I can't really sing but I try — sometimes! . . . I don't like science much . . .

HALLOWE'EN — The class were all looking forward to Hallowe'en and were prepared for everything but rain . . . **Simon Biggs:** I am going to the Cavendish Fair. I am going to wear a monster mask. They sell cotton candy, hot dogs, hamburgers and French Fries. I like the stall where you smash plates . . . **Timothy McCann:** I was going to be a cowboy. I had brought my brother, he was going to be a ghost . . . **Scott Pearman:** On Hallowe'en Day my Mom and I get ready for Hallowe'en by making Treats and costumes . . . **Neil Aleong:** On Hallowe'en Night ghosts come out and there are were-wolves and Mommies to be . . . **The Scaife Twins:** On Friday night I am going Trick or Treating. My brother and I are going to be a two-headed monster with four legs and four arms . . .

SANTA came and so did the presents . . . Remote control was the thing everyone wanted. Boats, cars, planes and everything that could be imagined in outer space was stuffed into stockings . . . **My best Christmas present was:** my remote control car . . . my remote control sailboat . . . my electronic battleship . . . my ten speed . . . my three speed . . . my red bike . . . my blue bike . . . my bike.

AFTER CHRISTMAS Four Z settled down to the nitty-gritty of a 14-week term but we had time to think about a few things that we liked and the things we hated most . . . I like to hear dogs bark at the birds and the cats because they run away . . . I like to taste roast potatoes with gravy . . . I like to touch paper money because it feels hard . . . I like to see poor people working hard and getting money . . . I like to smell gas from a car . . . I like to smell my mother cooking dinner . . . I like to touch my cat's fur on his body . . . I like to groom horses, especially I like to do the hooves with a hoof pick . . . I like to hear an electric guitar and to hear the tuba because I sometimes hear funny sounds from the radio . . . The thing I like to hear most is the telephone

ringing . . . I like smelling erasers . . . I like to hear the words "One Rec!". I hate to hear dogs and cats fighting because if the dogs win it is bye-bye cats . . . I hate mushy, slimy stuff . . . I hate the smell of gas at gas stations . . . I hate the taste of liver when I much prefer Pizza . . . I hate to touch a scaly fish right out of the water . . . I hate to hear thunder on a cold rainy day . . .

AND SO TO EASTER and kite-flying — the things one hears! **Nicholas Leach:** One day when I was flying my kite the string broke and it went flying off into the distance. I ran inside and told my mother what happened. She said: "O, what a shame, tomorrow is Good Friday and the shops are closed. You won't be able to get the equipment to make another." I walked out of the room thinking what would all the other kids think when they saw me with no kite!

Meanwhile the kite was sailing high up in the sky feeling as free as a bird rather than tied up with string. Then it thought how sad I would be.

A good idea struck my kite. He flew towards a kite stand and got tangled up purposely in the biggest and most beautiful kite there! With a great effort he flew off just before the man who owned the stall turned around and noticed what had happened.

When the kite came nearer it dropped the big kite just in front of me, I looked down and saw that my own kite had dropped me down the most beautiful kite I had ever seen. I took time to think over what had happened and when I looked again the kite had gone. Nobody believed me but I still know that it was true.

THE LAST SEASON in Four Z is the Summer. Swimming and sailing, fishing and diving are synonymous with summer. Flying away is a possibility. Feelings are very important . . . If I could fly I would feel like a swift arrow . . . When I go swimming the water feels fresh and cool. I lie in bed wondering how fish might feel . . .



A. BISSELL, 11



D. McNEILL, J6W

My Secret Place

Whenever I'm down or upset I go to my secret place. It gives me a sense of joy and strength. Its different moods fill me with different feelings. Some of happiness, others of loneliness. Sometimes imagination takes over and I think of the day's recent happenings.

It is hidden among a group of oak trees situated on the outer ring of a field. It has peaceful surrounds where little birds chirp and sing, adding a sweet sound to the day's air.

The pipe is really like my home to me. It's undisturbed and colourful making it the perfect place for me to sit down and relax.

Jonathan Cooper

Under you go. Up you come.
Swimming like fish through the sea
Waves go over your head.

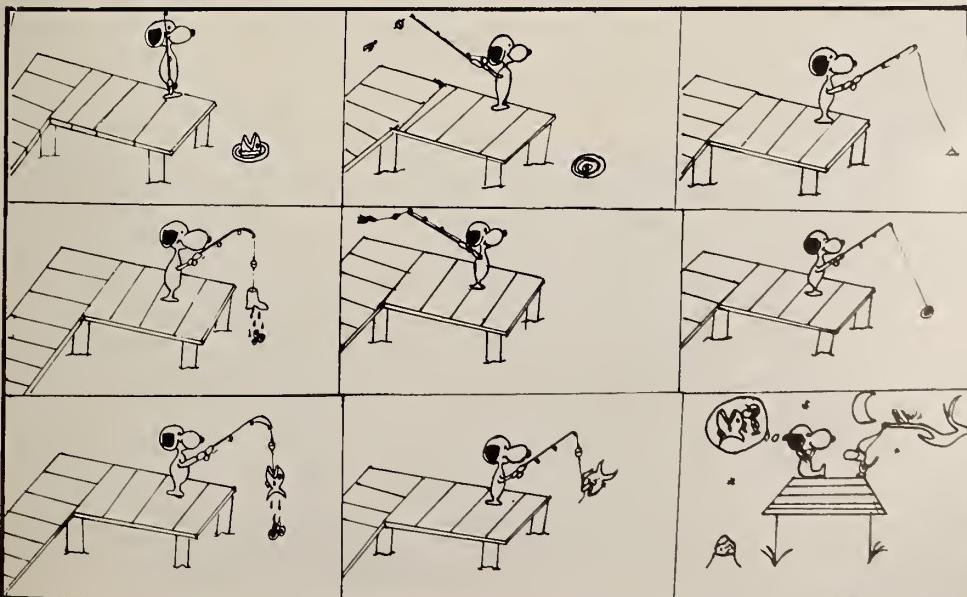
I wish I could. I wish I would just turn into a fish.

Diving like a dolphin.
Surfing like a shark.
Imagine all that water passing by your face.

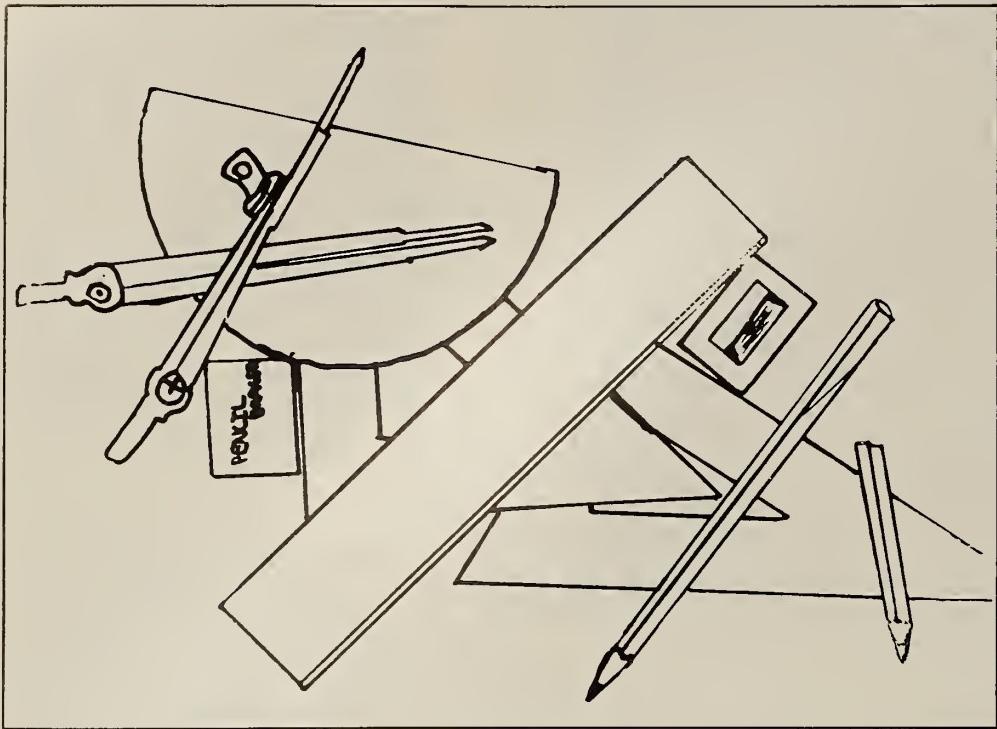
Flying through the Air

Up above the city fair
There sits a man in his chair
Coloured gold, silver and maroon
It glows, it glows like mad.
He, the Man, made birds, insects and the clouds.
He made man, and a lot more.
But best of all he made the sky.
And, of course, me!

Julien Thirkell



C. CRAIG, J5B



I. TRURAN, J6W

Galactic War One

The year was 2325 and the part of the galaxy we knew was torn by rebellion and war. I, like many people who had just left school, plunged into the war. Most of my friends became anti-aircraft gunners or fighter pilots; very few became captains, but I was one.

On my second patrol flight we stumbled upon a rebel mother ship trying to sneak up on Mars. I decided to get it over with quickly. I ordered that a half magaton fusion warhead should be armed and we fired at it. I soon discovered it wasn't going to be that simple. As soon as we had launched the missile the rebels must have spotted us because they fired an energy cannon and blew up the warhead in midflight. The second blast ripped through the hull. Quickly, I fired the laser torpedos which hit the ship's fuel tanks. We gave the second torpedo full power and finished it off once and for all!

The planet Mars is twenty light minutes from earth. We always thought that creatures would come from Mars and invade us but in the distant year 1999 it was quite the opposite. Plans were made to colonize Mars. The idea was that our forces should generate tremendous heat at the polar caps turning the ice into water and the dry ice (frozen carbon dioxide) into gaseous carbon dioxide. The water would be taken to the equator where plants would be grown. The plants would change the carbon dioxide into oxygen then people would come and live there. This is how we were able to survive on Mars in the twenty fourth century.

When we got back to Earth the commander told us about a secret mission. The Emperor was going to lead an attack against the rebel headquarters. He needed five galactic cruisers and I was to be in charge of the cruiser "Cosmic Ray". We left on January 11th 2326. If a rebel ship of any sort spotted us it was to be destroyed. This was done by a pulser on board the Emperor's ship Atreoss. The pulser drained energy from stars and fired it at the target, but the further away from a star the less powerful the beam, and from a couple of light years away it didn't work at all, so they had to rely on laser torpedos.

After four days we reached the base. Each ship had five bombs attached to the bottom and a different part of the base to destroy.

The Atreoss went first; its target was the landing bays. Energy bolts and lasers shot all around; it released the bombs and explosions rocked the base and the landing bays were no more.

Finally my turn came. My target was the "Hotel" where they harboured criminals. I took my ship in as fast as I could. Several blasts hit us but I was too busy concentrating to know there was an extra big explosion behind us! When I looked I saw not only had I destroyed my target but some things another ship had missed! The ships regrouped and set course for home.

David Mutch J5L

Poem by Accident

I've gotta write a poem,
Dunno where to start,
Maybe I can cheat a bit!
Naw! don't have the heart!

Gotta get it done with,
Wanna watch T.V.,
Chewin' on my pencil,
Drummin' on my knee.

Sorta gettin' nowhere,
Beginnin' to get bored,
Gonna be a "rec" less,
That I can't afford!

Dunno what to name it,
Haven't gotta clue,
Oughta getta move on,
Got betta things to do.

Haven't even started,
Sir's gonna havva fit,
Hey! What's all this writin'?
Wow, I think that's it!

Mom comes in 'cause times up.
Says, "That's quite enough,
Havin' trouble with it?"
"Naw — it's just kid's stuff!"

Sean Dunleavy J5L



S. SIMMONS



G. ROBERTS

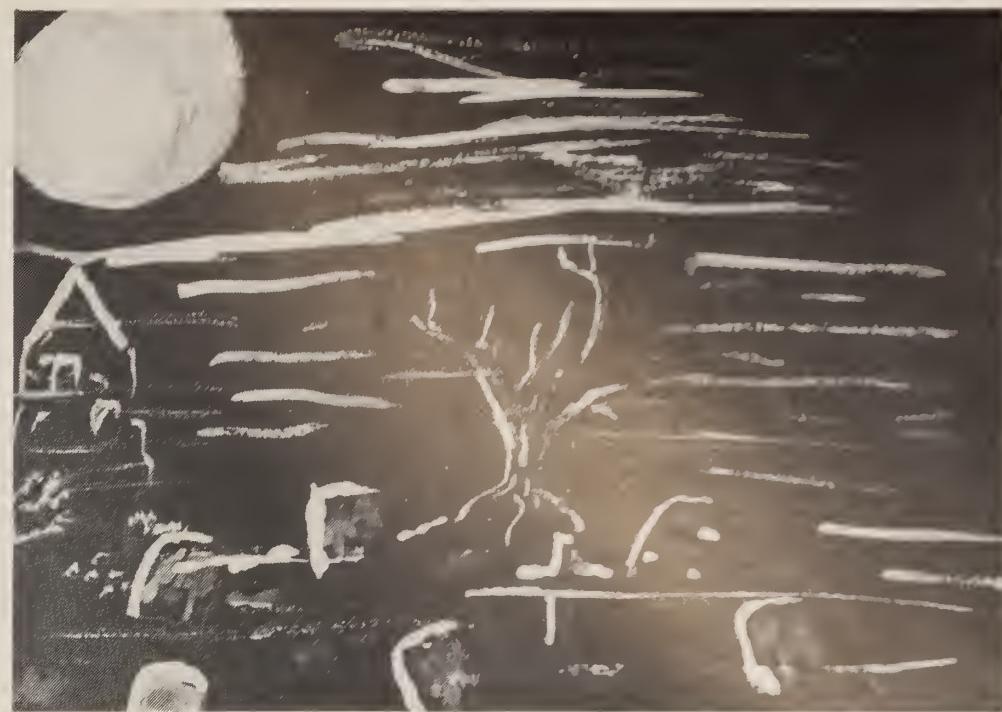
Bermudian Kite Accident

It was a beautiful day in Bermuda. The sun was shining brightly and it was a nice day for women getting suntans. Of course it was Good Friday (how could I forget.). I had a gigantic kite that was 12 feet high. I had to use thick nylon rope to fly it. I had just finished pitching it. It was so big it took three people to hold her. When she was soaring high in the air I went over to feel how she was pulling. When I was holding her she pulled all three men off the ground including me. We went up over Hamilton. The people looked like tiny ants. Soon we passed over Fort Hamilton. We saw the big guns overlooking the harbour. After an hour we came to Bailey's Bay. I saw my old house and then when we reached the airport-the wind dropped. The kite suddenly jerked and started to come down. Luckily the wind came back up again. We soared high in the air over the beautiful green and blue sea. The waves were so tremendous they came smashing over the reefs and jagged, uncomfotting rocks. In about four hours we had reached the Bermuda Triangle. Suddenly a great storm arose. The waves were tremendous, crashing down upon the sea. The wind was like mighty Thor blowing like two tornados. Suddenly the wind dropped and the kite fell like a rock tied to a string. When we hit the water we were sucked in by a powerful water spout. When I woke up I was in a mysterious, sinister cave. Before me I saw the three men being carried off by these sea aliens. They were tall and scaly. They also had gills underneath their ears. My poor kite was mysteriously undamaged. Suddenly I saw eyes, then a nose and then a mouth. Then it said "Climb onto my back. I'll show you where your friends are." He took me through a world of corridors and then finally we came to the prisoners. They were in a cell with laser beam bars across the door. They said press the lever on the side. The laser beams suddenly disappeared. When we reached the door we saw two sea aliens with stun lasers pointing to us. One man ran forward and knocked one guard out but the other one used his gun. The man just stopped in his movement, but the other man took the other guard. When we reached the cave the kite said "Climb onto my back". All three men climbed upon the kites back and we took off. When we reached Bermuda I patched up my kite and flew it again.

Anthony Smith J6A

Amazon Adventure

One day, in the intense heat of the Amazon jungle, my father and I were walking along a narrow, muddy path. We did not know where it led but a man had told us to go along the path. We had come to the forest to see the way people lived. My father and I were interested in wild life and how people survived in the intense heat of the Amazon jungle. We had been to the jungle before when we were attacked by canabals and was saved by the Lord of the jungle. As we were walking we heard a shrill cry. It sounded like a woman's cry of pain of death. Then we saw some dead branches and we heard a very loud roar. It didn't sound like a lion's roar. It sounded like a (MONSTER'S) roar. We suddenly turned round and coming towards us was a twenty foot green, yellow and red monster. He had teeth up



C. MURDOCH, J7A

to 3 feet long and they were sharper than a razor blade. He was coming at tremendous speed. We started running and suddenly my father tripped and fell into some quick sand. Then the monster came and pulled him out and carried him away. It was tragic to see him go. I saw a village just up ahead. Then I wondered why the monster did not take me. I ran into the village and saw that it was deserted, except for one old man. He had a gigantic condor by the side of him. I was sitting on a perch. He said to me, "Come here my lad!" I was a bit nervous at first, but then I picked up my courage and went nearer. The man said, "Don't be frightened! Sit down and tell me what's wrong". I told him my story and at the end he said that he could help me find my father. He told me if I went to the middle of the forest I would find my father there. He said that his bird would take me. The bird took hold of me and we took off. When we got over a Piranah pool another bird came and started playing with the condor and the bird dropped me. I fell into the pool and was eaten but some men found my diary and notes.

Andre Hubbard J6A

Misery is when you die, you take the elevator up to heaven and the elevator breaks down and you fall into hell.

Paul Lindo J6A



J. TODD, J6A

Misery is waking up in the morning and getting ready to feed your pet goldfish and then finding it floating.

At lunch the monitors are a little bit harsh on you and they are always hitting and punching you at the table. It's as if they are programmed to kill — and some of them do kill. First of all they knock you down and then they sit on you and it feels like an international harvester dump truck running over you at 50 m.p.h. And boy does it hurt?!!

Charles Cumming J6A

Misery is in the middle of a test, you don't understand a question — and everyone has their answers covered.

Andrew Rance J6A

Misery is walking in your bare feet in the grass and then discovering you are in a cow pasture.

Christopher Klein J6A

Misery is when you hear that your sister has died — and then you find out she rises from the dead.

Paul Lindo J6A



G. FOSTER, J6W

Things That Live In My Garden

The garden was a vacant, dead-looking place on that hot, dry afternoon. The big old tree stood in the same place that it had occupied for some forty or fifty years. The hibiscus hedge was between the garden and the road, and the vegetable garden was stuck away in the corner, a wild miniature jungle, a garden of weeds, being invaded only by four banana trees at the far end, and by parsley growing in several of the concrete blocks turned on their sides to form a border/planter.

Here and there bees buzzed along on their busy way, occasionally stopping at a dandelion flower, or some other of the flowering weeds growing unchecked in that small, inhospitable piece of ground. Butterflies fluttered by some of the taller weeds, towering above the rest of the jungle, like skyscrapers over a small country village.

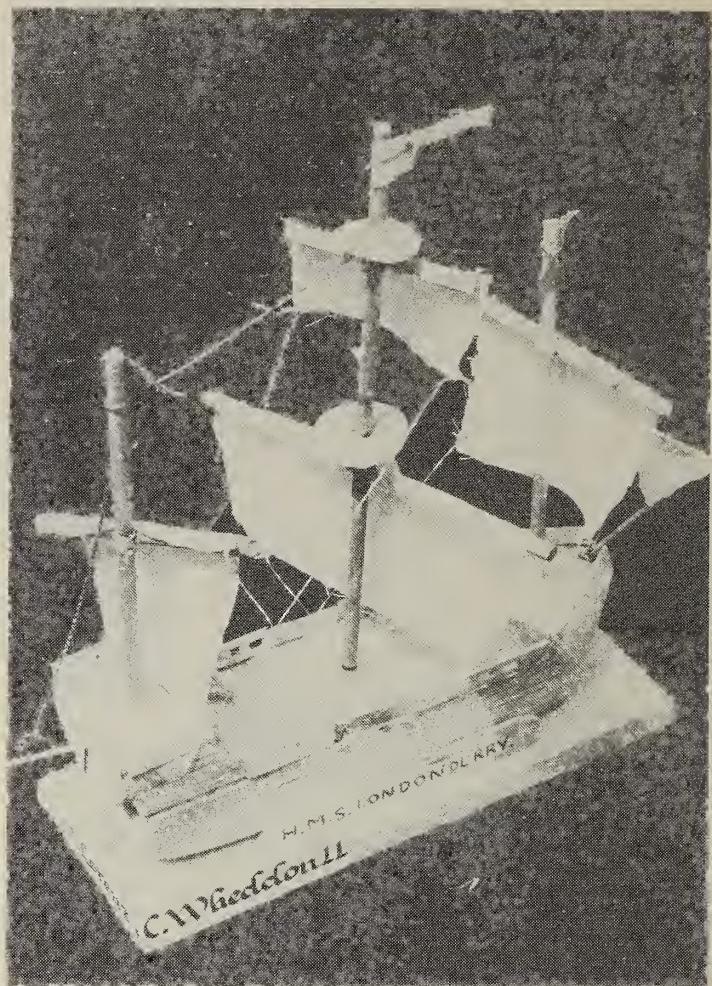
If we should look closer, the ground, or what was not covered by grass, dead and dying plants and moss, we would see pillbugs scurrying along, as if in answer to an unheard of call; ants, always foraging for food or nesting material, hurry over the lumps of earth. On the concrete blocks, a lizard makes a passing insect into the tasty desert, Fly-a-la-mode. It then runs along the blocks and disappears from view.

Back in the jungle, an unsuspecting ant scurries beneath a spider, carefully concealed on a sturdy, wide leaf. As the ant passes below, the spider lowers itself down onto the ant and catches it. The spider then walks back up to the top of his plant and digests his lunch in peace.

Now the garden is at ease with itself. The last animal I see as I get up from my place is a small mouse, which climbs up the wall behind the banana plants. A cat is waiting, just around the corner. He went after, searched for, and destroyed the mouse.

I did not know that the cat was there, and I'm sure the mouse didn't either. I felt sorry for the mouse, I mean, what did he do to the cat?

John Logan



C. WEDDON, J7A

Jungle Adventure

We halted. The thin wavy mist was surrounding us, putting its cold hand down our backs, dampening our clothes. We were now several miles into the African jungle. Susan, my sister, was nervous. We had come to visit our father, and he had taken us on this trip. We were all weary. My father abruptly stopped, motioning us to halt also. Ahead moved a huge grey thing, a good seven feet tall. My eyes could not pick out exactly what it was, for mist sometimes plays tricks. Dad raised his 30-30, took aim, and fired. The flat crack was swallowed in the twilight. The creature had vanished and our Dad was satisfied it was dead.

We set camp in a clearing and raised the tent. The night was hot and humid, and the mist had dispersed. We fell into a sleep of exhaustion. When we awoke we were struck with terror. The side of the tent was in shreds, and Susan was gone! Outside there were signs of a scuffle, Susan's footprints, and those of an anthropoid ape! We were frozen, horrified. My father went to the tent, and opened a case. He pulled out an automatic gun and handed me a handgun. "I hope you know how to use one," he said. I said nothing. We followed the trail that Susan had obviously been dragged on.

We walked for an hour or so and came to a clearing. There were shattered bones of animals, and three human skulls. A nasty, hellish smell of death lingered on the air. We turned sharply round on hearing some branches move. The ape strode in. He stopped dead in his tracks, noticing us for the first time. I jerked the trigger on my gun, and was startled at its jarring on my arm. Bullets flew, left, right and centre. They hit everything but the ape. I dropped the gun, my arm was in agony. My dad fired. The gun chattered out its death song. The ape fell, and lay squirming. We found Susan propped up on a rock, unconscious, a bruise on her head. With the ape dead, we left, carrying Susan to safety.

Roy Brooke



C. MURDOCH, J7A

"Six Inches High"

It was a misty and cold night. Not a sound could be heard except the laughing of drunken soldiers in the distance. I quickly fell asleep. When I awoke it was cold and the trumpet seemed to be blowing at a deafening rate. I crawled across the ground to get out of my tent and then wiped the blurr out of my eyes. I found out I was still in my tent. How big everything seemed. Then I realized I had shrunk, for when I walked out of my tent Seargent Hobbs almost stepped on me!

He shouted, "Soldier you're late for duty again!" But to his surprise he saw a six inch man standing at his feet. He slapped himself and looked again. "Is that you Jones?" he said turning pale in the face.

"Yes," I replied, "but you don't have to shout."

He picked me up and stared at me in amazement.

All day I explored the camp. I went to the garden and to my horror a big toad leaped out from behind a cabbage. I didn't waste any time getting out of there! At night it wasn't fun at all. First of all Ben, our mascot, thought I was a scrap which one of the men had given to him. But when I kicked him in the nose he soon got that idea out of his head! Then I could not cut my meat because it was too big and they did not have a knife and fork my size. When it came to sleeping I was placed in a smelly cigar box.

The next day I made my way to the laboratory for testing to see if there was a cure. I made my way into the professor's examining room, when I overheard him talking on the phone about some kind of gas which had been tested on a soldier whose name was Jones. I was outraged at the news! No one had told me. I quickly calmed my senses and walked into the examining room. I sat on the floor and waited for the professor. He came in and I said to him calmly, "What is wrong? You do not have a cure for the gas?"

He looked at me, "You overheard me on the telephone."

"Yes," I replied.

"I'm very sorry about the mix-up."

"Sure you are," said I, leaving the room. I ran to my cigar box and started biting the corner madly!

That night I was given a small cup of wine which put me right to sleep.

The next morning I found myself lying on top of the cigar box. I was my old self, six feet high, again.

Drew Douglas J6W

An Owl's Life

The cool breeze blew down the saguara and told me that it was hunting time, so I silently crept upwards. Then a steady flap of my wings put me into the wind's arms, and I floated off into the desert night. I flew over to the kangaroo rats' favourite hiding place, but there was nothing there.

Just then I heard a slight noise, so faint that it could be an ant stepping on an extra-large mound of sand, but it was a noise I investigated the matter just to make sure, and there I saw Jasper Jerboer, the fastest kangaroo rat in the area.

This would be tough, for Jasper was so astute and agile that I nearly left him alone and looked for another rat. Here goes, I thought, a meal or home! Hello, breakfast!

With these thoughts in mind, I swooped. In mid-air Jasper saw me and dodged. I swerved the opposite way, diverted right and swooped again. This time, however, I sailed back into the air and chased him. He was fast, but I cornered him at a group of cactii, and struck. I flew up to my saguara and after a very very enjoyable dinner, I hunted the rest of my daily stock.

This was the most exhausting catch over the last twelve moons.

Julian Wilkinson

The Unknown Cougar

All was quiet except for the plodding of the horse's hooves as they trod on the limestone rock and sand of the California desert. The night was more cold than usual. Though weary, the stallion carried his head high. He was a tall horse, way above seventeen hands. His instincts were trying to find shelter and water but his search was in vain.

So was the cougar's! The cougar walked silently along a narrow ridge of rock a mile away searching for food and unaware of the stallion's presence in his territory. Then, suddenly he smelt the unfamiliar scent of the stallion, strong and clear. Then, as suddenly as it came, it was gone! This only meant one thing — the stallion had changed direction. The cougar then saw him below the ridge. He had never seen a horse before. He had seen the wild bands of donkeys — but never a horse. But one thing was clear to him. It meant food! Slowly he narrowed in on the horse, walking silently behind him.

Suddenly, the stallion spun round on his forelegs. He had smelt the cougar. The stallion rose on his hind legs, his front legs pawing the air. When he came down he went up again, this time screaming his shrill challenge to any predator trying to harm him.

The cougar suddenly sprang like a bullet, tearing his wretched claws into the stallion's back. The stallion reared up again but found the pain in his back only multiply. Then he rolled over, trying to pin the cougar underneath him. But that too failed. The cougar sprang off just in time and struck again, this time aiming for the belly. The stallion was prepared.

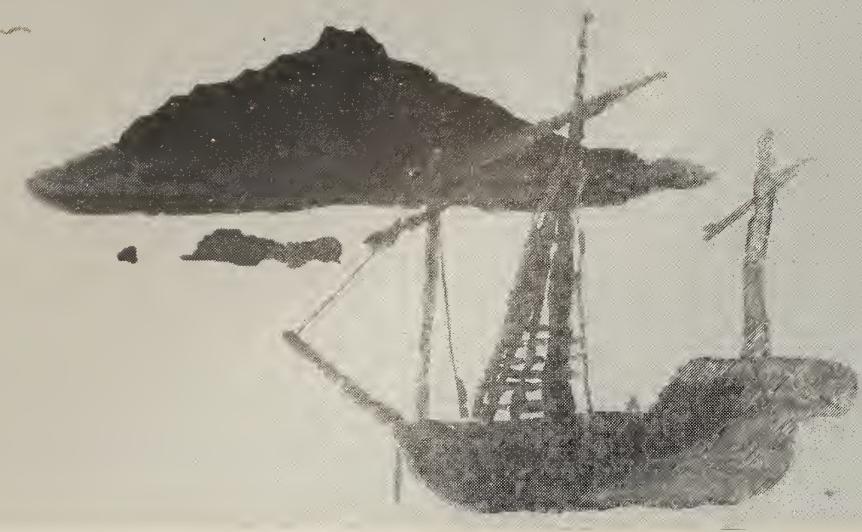
He reared up suddenly. When coming down he just pinned the cougar's leg, the cougar snaked out in pain and in fear. The stallion reared up again, this time aiming for the cougar's skull. As he came down there was a great crack as the cougar's skull cracked open. The battle was over. The stallion let out his scream of triumph and quietly walked away.

All was quiet, except for the plodding of the horse's hooves . . .

Craig MacIntyre J6W



B. RANS, J5B



Volcano

A bubbling mass of orange and yellow rose up and up, then the moment came! The mountain burst forth with all its might. People did what they could but could not stop the dangerous flow of lava. They ran into their houses of clay and shut the doors and windows. Now ashes were falling, starting small fires on top of the houses. The deadly flow continued. The people far down could hear the death cries and shrieks of those in the buildings as the lava poured down on the main sections of the village . . .

Andrew Pettit J6W

The Scar

The sounds of bulldozers echoed back and forth across the hillside as they tore up the ground. I could see squirrel curiously watching the massive tools as they ruined the landscape with their huge shovels and burbling engines. The beauty of the woodlands was being torn up as if it were an old newspaper.

The trees and animals blended wonderfully until man arrived on the scene, wrecking the beauty of the earth that once was. The plentiful trees were sawn down and as they fell their magnificent beauty fell with them haplessly to the ground. Soon cars, bikes and trucks would drive on the roads, letting out their poisonous fumes over all the land and their engines disturbing the peace of the forest.

The scar is left.

Scott Amos



Shipwreck

The captain's voice rang through the air as he told us what to do. We started to let down the sails. It was a beautiful day in the month of August and we were sailing for Egypt to trade things. The sails started to get filled with that good, clean air. We had plenty of things to trade; wood, fruit, china, glassware, and other things. We moved along at a moderate speed which was just right for this long trip to Egypt. It would take us two months to get there.

Everything had gone well for the first month, but in the second month, we heard a cry from the crow's nest, "Storm approaching!" Before we had time to fold the sails, we were in the storm. The ship creaked and rocked. Lightning lit up the sky. The thunder deafened us. There was a nasty ripping sound as we saw a sail rip in half. We started to run for the cabins. Everyone was shouting and screaming as they rushed for the door! A gigantic wave washed over the boat, drowning screams and shouts. The ship rocked violently. Everyone was scared. We thought our last moments had come

James Davis J6W

"Smuggling!"

The waves gently lapped the shoreline as I waited for the boat to come. I listened for the rythmical splashing of oars. The cold December night battered at my coat as I waited. I heard a splash as a small rowboat glided by. In the tiny cove, no bigger than a single carriage-house, I still waited.

Then came a heart warming sound, the splash of oars. But wait! there were more than two. The craft was larger than Ormon's, I was certain. A huge shore patrol's bow glided in and there was a roar as it receded using the steam engines. "Everything's okay here Tom,!" a voice said. I came out of the cave, knee deep in water. It was high tide, and even the bottom few steps were covered.

Then it happened! My associate, a lawyer called Ormon, rowed in. He had picked up the package from the steamship but a sharpshooter had cracked an oar with a heavy gun. He had also hit the starboard steam engine so he had come in slowly, the port engine on low and rowing on starboard.

He un-loaded the boat and we put the casks of Bermuda Gold in the cart. There we took them with the donkey, Pueblo, to the other end of the island where we loaded the big steam-cruiser. Later the cruiser met with a ship at anchor over the horizon. The smuggling of goods to the United States had just begun!

David Crooke J6W

Art

Art is very simple,
Art is a lot of fun,
Art is pretty easy,
If you have four fingers and a thumb.

A kite is a piece of art,
And so is a picture,
I love art like I love my sister.

Mr. Beasley is my art teacher,
He is very nice,
And can walk as quiet as four hundred mice.

I Wish I Were a Fish

Oh, how I wish I were a fish,
Though people'd like me on a dish,
I could trick those silly fishermen,
Oh, how I wish, oh, how I wish,
I do wish I were a fish.

I'd be red, yellow, black and blue,
But that'd be no concern to you,
And if they got me on a hook,
They'd only get one little look
Before I'd splash back into the brook.

Geoffrey Parker J5B

The Whole Duty of Children

A child should always say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at the table,
At least as far as he is able.

A child should sleep as quiet as little bow-peep,
A child should wake when the sun does creep,
A child should like what he is fed,
Or he will go right to bed.

Jason Carr

Pain

I could not move myself. The pain was too great. I clenched my fists so that I could not feel the agony much. I tried to stand up, then I put my foot in front of me so I could walk, but I immediately collapsed. I could not move. I was helpless. I was stinging inside, or so it felt, I screamed so loud I thought my lungs would burst.

The Crash

I was coming around the corner in low gear. All of a sudden a large truck came out of nowhere. I couldn't do anything. If I swerved to avoid it I would go off the hill. Then I heard the noise of scraping metal. I realized I was under the truck. Then I smelt gasoline. I looked behind me and I saw a big red fire. In a minute the car would blow up.

Geoffrey Parker

Crocodile Attack

As the moon went down among the low-hanging trees, Croc Swamp's peacefulness was disturbed by a small, frail raft splashing through the water.

It was Brett Smith and his two companions, Tug Wilson and Bob Anson. They were explorers. Tug was very scared of the swamp because of the crocodiles and sea-snakes surrounding the raft.

Suddenly Bob saw a green figure with a long tail, bumpy skin and sharp teeth rise up under the boat. A gigantic tail hit the bottom of the boat with a crash! Brett got his net, but the minute it touched the water the powerful crocodile took it into its mouth and tugged it to the bottom of the river.

Brett would have been pulled overboard unless Bob had not told him to let go of the net.

The crocodile wouldn't give up easily. He came under the boat again and with his huge head tipped one side of the raft. As it swayed, Tug, who was now scared to death, stood up and grabbed a vine which was hanging over the boat. He tried to swing, but instead the vine broke, and Tug fell onto the side of the boat and capsized it!

All three thrashed in the water trying to get away from the advancing crocs. Tug swam as fast as he could to the river bank, and quickly grabbed a strong vine and threw it to Bob and Brett.

Once they were safe the first thing Bob brought up was that they would have to make a new raft. When that was done they made oars and rowed out of the swamp. When they got back to the village, they were so tired they just flopped into their beds.

Sean Moran J4L



Fear

It was a cold and lonely night. I was walking to my friend's house when I tripped over some fingers. A shiver went up my spine as I heartlessly stamped the fingers back into the ground.

I ran and ran, but everywhere heads and hands came out of the ground. I reached into my coat for my glasses to see if everything was real, but my glasses were not there.

Then I saw me on the ground with them on!

I noticed I was in a graveyard. My heart started to thump as a Zombie chased me down a foggy, musty, dusty street. I bumped into a lamppost. As I ran on the Zombie came closer and closer as if I was not moving. Dead children came from their graves. They were saying, "Help, help!" but I did not help and that dream haunted me forever.

Anthony Montarsolo J4L

D. DOUGLAS, J6W

The Strange Noise

It was cold night with fog on the moors. I was about to go to sleep when an extraordinary noise nearly scared the living daylights out of me. I crept low in my bed and wondered if I should go and find out what had scared me.

I slipped on some clothes and went outside with a flashlight. I went out onto the moors and it was scary. There were bats and vines, and I kept on hearing a gurgling noise.

Then a huge flame came from a pond nearby. An enormous dragon emerged. He blew a flame at me, missed by an inch and hit a tree which fell down and struck my house.

That got me mad! I saw a mirror in the murky mud. I picked it up. He blew a flame at me, but it hit the mirror and reflected on him. He did not do that again!

Justin Cressall J4L

TREADING THE BOARDS—“TOM SAWYER”



My Opinion of Tom Sawyer by Aunt Polly (Alias Paul Moniz) 7A

Tom Sawyer is a blessing, in disguise, of course. I liked playing as Aunt Polly because then I could thrash Tom. Tom really wasn't that bad. All he did was feed medicine to the cat, worry me sick, miss school and give me every single grey hair in my cotton pickin' head. It was really a lot of fun to hit Sid, his brother, too. You see Sid was really cheeky to Tom and Tom was really happy to see Sid get hit.

Really the greatest part about being Aunt Polly was that I got to dress up differently, be a different person, and put on bloomers.

In the square dance we even had to prance around showing our bloomers. How embarrassing!

Tom Sawyer by Huckleberry Finn (Alias Ken Dallas) J7S

“Get those words learned!” cried the furious Mr. Adams. But the only words I seemed to learn those first few weeks of practice were, “No, no you’re doing it all wrong!”, which I must have heard at least a hundred times. Finally I began getting my act together and the play began to take shape, and I wasn’t worried at all. Then I saw the outfit I was to wear — now I was worried! Would I have to go on stage in pants that didn’t fit and a shirt that smelled like burnt liver? How would the audience react I wondered? The thought of looking like a fool in front of a lot of people made me have second thoughts about the part. But once I got to know my moves, I realised, with the character I was acting, I didn’t have to look at the audience — so I spent most of my time looking at the floor. Anyway, the time for the first performance drew near. All the actors were getting nervous and Sir (Mr. Adams) was getting jumpy. Then the day came. The day when we were to put on the show in front of the school and Prep 3. I seemed to get a lot of laughs, but I almost forgot who I was. I must have called Tom, Huck at least three times. But apart from that and a few other mess-ups the show was a success.

Tom Sawyer by Tom Sawyer (Alias Craig McIntyre) J6W

It was a lot of hard work remembering all the lines and cues but finally it was done.

Soon after the characters were announced Mrs. Latter started asking people for hats, pipes, etc. After we had read

Characters

Tom Sawyer	Craig MacIntyre
Sid (His brother)	Roy Brooke
Aunt Polly	Paul Moniz
Ben Rodgers	Dudley Thomas
Joe Harper	Andrew Rance
Jeff Thatcher	Billy Paterson
Dave Richards	Ken Dallas
Dr. Robinson	Michael Hind
Injun Joe	Devrae Noel-Simmons
Muff Potter	Henry Adderley
Minister	Michael A. Davis
Willie	Andrew Munro
Little Girl	Craig Lee
Mrs. Rodgers	John Buchanan
Mr. Rodgers	Miles Gibbons
Mrs. Harper	Kevin Gunther
Judge	Norman Hodson
Clerk	Ian Finnerty
Prosecuting Attorney	Julian Wilkinson
Defence Attorney	James Davis
Teacher	Carsten Lorenz
Townspeople:	Matthew Brewer, William Davidson, Christopher Leach, Nicholas Pedro, Guy Roberts, Mark Wheddon.

Choir:

Selected members of J6 and J7.



*Hey Huck, Is this summer or winter uniform?
Well, Tom, I've got one long trouser-leg and one short
trouser leg, so I'm o.k.!*

through the book to make sure of the story we soon began acting it on stage.

A week later Mr. Adams told us to start learning our lines. After four weeks later (3 days before the play!) I was still learning my lines! But after a six hour rehearsal I finally knew my lines.

By this time everything was ready, lights were up and the props were all on the shelf in the store room.

Finally the day arrived for us to perform.

MUSIC REPORT, 1980/81



Junior School String Players

SALTUS JUNIOR SCHOOL MUSIC REPORT 1981

Once again we have had a very busy year in the music department. We began our first term with a musical version of Mark Twain's popular classic "Tom Sawyer" which was directed by Mr. Adams. This proved to be a very demanding production, but I thought the children excelled themselves, and the audience certainly seemed to enjoy the results of all their hard work.

In the Easter term many boys were involved in preparation for the theory examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music. There were eighty three successful candidates this year, with two boys Patrick Cooper and Dudley Thomas passing Grade 6-a record achievement for the junior department.

The results of the practical examinations were good, although I would like to see a few more entries in the string categories. String playing, is not for the faint-hearted, as I have said before on many occasions. It is a long term study and results are not achieved overnight. However, if one survives the course, the rewards are many. There is nothing more satisfying than being a member of a good string orchestra.

This year the highest mark attained in the highest grade presented was awarded to Scott Simmons who passed Grade V Trumpet.

The recent concert given by the choir in aid of the Committee of Twenty Five for Handicapped Children raised over six hundred dollars. There was some very good instrumental playing by selected soloists, some very enjoyable choral speaking, and Mr. Burrin (violin), our guest

artist, was awarded an enthusiastic round of applause. the recital was held in memory of Mrs. Isabel Jardine.

One of the most satisfying aspects of the musical life at Saltus has been the flourishing Saltus Concert Society. Although only the senior school boys have participated in recitals, quite a number of parents have become members of the choir which I direct. It is a small choir of selected "readers", and they don't seem to be afraid of hard work. Consequently the results are most rewarding. Next year we plan a performance of the "Saint John Passion" by J.S. Bach. This, the story of the arrest, trial and death of Christ, is one of the most moving and dramatic choral works Bach ever wrote. To my knowledge it has never been performed in Bermuda before, although it is very popular at Easter time in countries all over the world.

We will need to import two singers from the States for two of the very demanding solo roles. Otherwise, we have all the resources we need right here.

I am very conscious of the fact that I could not operate successfully without parental support and encouragement. Not only do parents offer help within the school which directly concerns the children, but they also offer help in personal matters, such as transport for myself and my two sons. "baby-sitting" my children should my husband and I both be involved in school matters after the ordinary school day, and many other kindnesses too numerous to mention for which I am most grateful.

Thank you very much.

Marjorie Pettit

Associated Board of The Royal Schools of Music THEORY EXAMINATIONS

GRADE I

Matthew Abernethy
Bryan Adams
Marco Azaro
Jason Carr
Jamie Cornes
Charles Cooper
Alexander Davidson
Neil Dixon
Peter Drew
Grant Forbes
Patrick Giraud
Nicholas Gould
Dominic Harvey
Craig Lee
Paul Lindo
Timothy Ma
Raoul Miranda
Colin Murdoch
Mark Nash

Devrae Noel-Simmons
Mark North
David Oliviera
Jonathon Paradine
Andrew Rance
Brooks Rans
James Robinson
Sean Simons
Ted Temple
Gary White

GRADE II

Jason Bento
Matthew Brewer
John Buchanan
Roy Brooke
Stephen Caton
Tom Chasser
James Davis
Michael G. Davis
Sean Dunleavy
Myles Gibbons
John Glynn
Robert Hall
Michael Hind
Brian Huxley
Carsten Lorenz
Brian Mello
Craig McIntyre
Zachary Moniz
Craig Morbey
David Mutch
Geoffrey Parker
Jonathon Rego
David Shadbolt
Blair Simmons
Billy Smith
Miguel Triay
Ian Truran
Ian Walker
Christian Wheddon
Shom Young
Steven Young
Andre Zanol

GRADE III

Andrew Bissell
 Gregory Cave
 Jonathon Cooper
 David Crooke
 Drew Douglas
 Peter Durhager
 Kevin Gunther
 Norman Hodson
 Brett Marshall
 Paul Moniz
 Billy Paterson
 Andrew Pettit
 Guy Roberts
 James Young

GRADE IV

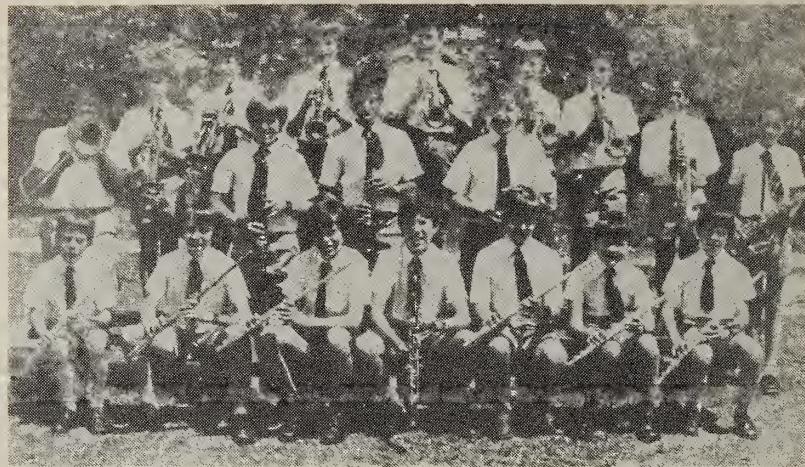
Henry Adderly
 Scott Amos
 Kevin Mayall
 Scott Simmons
 Julian Wilkinson

GRADE V

Kenneth Dallas

GRADE VI

Patrick Cooper
 Dudley Thomas



Junior School Brass and Woodwind

PRACTICAL EXAMINATIONS

PIANO

Zachary Moniz Grade I
 David Oliviera Grade I (*Merit*)
 Billy Paterson Grade I (*Merit*)
 Andrew Pettit Grade I
 Kenneth Dallas Grade II (*Merit*)
 Patrick Cooper Grade IV (*Merit*)
 Dudley Thomas Grade IV
 Scott Simmons Grade IV
 Julian Wilkinson Grade IV (*Merit*)

TRUMPET

James Young Grade III (*Merit*)
 Kenneth Dallas Grade IV
 Norman Hodson Grade IV
 Billy Paterson Grade IV (*Distinction*)
 Scott Amos Grade V
 Scott Simmons Grade V

FLUTE

James Davis Grade IV
 Brian Huxley Grade IV (*Merit*)

OBOE

Patrick Cooper Grade IV (*Merit*)

VIOLIN

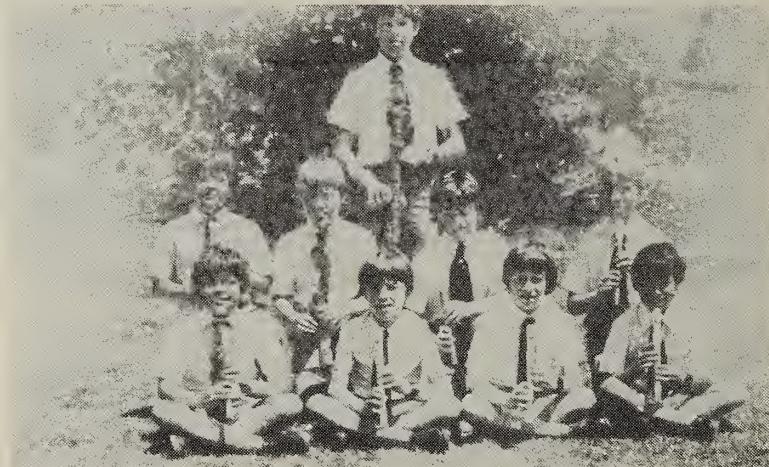
Jonathon Rego Grade I
 Michael A. E. Davis Grade II

VIOLA

Dudley Thomas Grade II

TROMBONE

Devrae Noel-Simmons Grade III



Junior School Recorder Group

The Music prizes this year were awarded to . . .

Dudley Thomas J7A and

Julian Wilkinson J7A

Music Scholarships were awarded to . . .

Patrick Cooper J7S and

Scott Simmons J7S



S. AMOS, J7A



JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORTS REPORT

As usual the year was filled with many activities at both the interhouse and inter-school levels with a good standard being attained by the boys involved.

In the inter-house scene the autumn term was started off with 6-a-side Soccer for juniors (J4 and J5) and seniors (J6 and J7) who fielded 'A' and 'B' teams for the lunchtime competition. When the scheduled 24 games were completed, Watlington had captured both the junior and senior titles. Eleven-a-side Soccer followed with the limitation of a maximum of 3 players from any year and, predictably, Watlington dominated the competition with a good combination of players.

Next followed the popular 4-a-side floor hockey knockout competition with 32 teams striving for goals in each frenzied six minute game. This boiled down to a final between the Darrell 1 team and the Watlington 3 team with the latter group of Joaquin, DeSilva (M), Raynor and Semos winning 4-2.

The inter-house cross-country races in January tested 99 Juniors and 77 Seniors over the usual 1500 metre route with Grant, Bradshaw and Harvey taking the top spots in the junior race and Morbey, Zanol and Timmins shining in the senior race. The enthusiastic runners contributed points towards their houses and Darrell emerged as junior champions with Watlington taking the senior title as well as the combined scores result.

The track and field season started early with the introduction of the 5 Star Award Scheme and this activity was used to determine the competitors for most events on Sports Day which was supported by many parents. Apart from those excused for medical reasons all of the boys participated in at least one event and the scramble for house points lasted all afternoon with Saltus winning the overall competition by a mere 8 points. Morbey and Booth won the titles of Senior and Junior individual champions.

With just Softball and Cricket to be completed, Watlington house cannot fail to take the overall House Championship.



"And for my next trick"

On the interschool side the year started with the swimming gala at Castle Harbour pool. In an outstanding performance our boys placed in the top four in every one of the 20 events with 12 first places, 3 second places, 4 third places, and 1 fourth place.

In 6-a-side soccer, our zone competition with Dellwood and West Pembroke produced a stalemate among the 'A' teams with each winning one game and losing one. Hence the games were replayed and West Pembroke qualified for the finals by scoring one more corner than Saltus with the goals drawn. Our 'B' team lost to Dellwood and were also beaten by one corner by West Pembroke.

Eleven-a-side soccer results follow:-

Saltus v. Dellwood — won 2-0; West Pembroke v. Saltus — lost 3-1. Dellwood v. Saltus — drew 2-2; Saltus v. West Pembroke — won 3-0.

Ironically West Pembroke beat Dellwood twice, totalling 6 points and qualified for the semi-finals with Saltus earning 5 points. A later non-league game against Mount St. Agnes resulted in an exciting 3-2 win for our boys after trailing 1-0 at half time. This was a fitting end to a season of hard training and tough games for our soccer players.

Through the autumn term some of our boys participated regularly in the bi-weekly B.T.F.A. cross-country races, gaining valuable experience for the annual interschool championships. During the half term holiday our boys successfully defended the Primary boys' trophy at the Sandys Rotary Road Race held over a 2½ mile route in Somerset. At the cross country championships at Ocean View Golf Course Zanol secured 2nd place individually and led our Under 11 boys to a second place in the team event among 25 competing teams. Also impressive was our Under-12 team which placed 8th out of 17 teams.

The industrial dispute delayed the zone track and field competition until after our own Sports Day, hence we were able to send a team comprised mostly of Sports Day winners. The boys succeeded in qualifying in an unprecedented 11 events out of 25 by placing 1st or 2nd at the National Stadium. (The finals have yet to be held).

After last year's reentry to the interschool cricket competition we followed up this year with the entry of 'A' and 'B' teams to the 6-a-side competition which is presently in progress. Also to be completed is the interschool softball tournament which is the last event in a hectic yet worthwhile interschool programme.

Generally this was a busy year of skilful activity with good sportsmanship being displayed by our boys.



"Go West, Young man!"



The Agony



and the Ecstasy!



J4 scramble



"You drink that stuff?"



Chain Gang



This is the triple jump?



Laying back.



"We're being followed ..."



"This mule is stubborn."



"All right!!"

Activities of the Junior Members of the Committee of 25 For Handicapped Children 1980-1981



Our Motto:
The Helping Hand

In this the International Year of Disabled Persons, it is gratifying to note that since 1971, when the Junior Arm of the Committee of 25 was first formed at Saltus Junior School, membership has grown considerably. Most boys in the Junior School and many of those from the Senior School, continue to support annual fund raising activities such as selling Bermuda Diaries, Christmas cards, collecting toys, selling tags, and giving concerts etc. As a result of their endeavours and the support of thoughtful parents, the Junior Members have become an invaluable and active group for the Committee of 25. In a decade of activity, tens of thousands of dollars have been raised to purchase equipment for St. Brendan's, braces, hearing aids, a new wheelchair for Clyde Stovell and most recently equipment for the new swimming pool for the handicapped.

At Christmas, the fund raising projects organised by Mary Lodge and Lilian Williams involved 250 pupils from Junior and Senior Departments who collected toys and sold Bermuda Diaries to raise the sum of **\$3,350**. Prize winners for their outstanding efforts were Andrew and Nicholas Scaife, Mark Nash, Malcolm Raynor, James Robinson, Billy Paterson, Richard Dunn, Brian Perry and overall winner Jeremy Whittle, who sold 151 diaries.

Teachers and pupils were saddened by the death of Mrs. Isabel Jardine in March and the Junior School members showed their love and appreciation by donating **\$254.05** in her memory to the Committee of 25.

On Friday May 15th, under the direction of Marjorie Pettit, Stuart Adams, Kay Latter and Lilian Williams, Junior members presented an evening of music, and poetry in memory of Isabel Jardine. The programme included choral speaking, a selection of songs by the choir, instrumental solos and the violin music of guest artist Philip Burrin. The collection taken after the concert amounted to **\$618.59** and was donated to the Committee of 25 in memory of Mrs. Jardine.

In a private school such as ours, where money for our own needs is so important, it would be easy to insulate ourselves from the community and concentrate on our own fund raising events. This, fortunately, is not the case. Through our involvement with the Committee of 25, we continue to play a leading part in the affairs of the Island and show the public that we care! **L.W.**



Prize winners for the Committee of 25.

Back row: Perry, Dunn
Middle Row: Scaife (N), Robinson, Scaife (A), Patterson
Front Row: Whittle, Raynor, Nash.

ISOBEL JARDINE

It was with the deepest regret that we heard of the death of Isobel Jardine in February of this year.

Mrs. Jardine's link with Saltus Junior School went much deeper than an association through the Committee of 25 for Handicapped Children, although that is probably where the friendship started.

From the formation of our Junior Arm of the Committee of 25 in 1971, she was always most appreciative of the boys' efforts to raise funds for the handicapped children.

Over the years she became more intimately acquainted with the School, making personal visits to accept donations, collecting the generous supplies of toys at Christmas, and delivering personally her messages of gratitude and congratulations. She became a regular visitor to our several concerts, and was fulsome in her praise of the boys' performance and behaviour. In 1978 she was the speaker and distributed prizes at our Speech Day. Staff, pupils and parents warmed to her sincerity, her compassion, her gentle sense of humour.

We all felt richer for having known and worked with Isobel Jardine. The concert in June, to her memory, was given as a token of our esteem, and a pledge to continue her charitable works for handicapped and underprivileged children.



Mrs. Jardine.



HAROLD MAGELSEN

It is still with a sense of sadness and loss that we remember Harald, who died so tragically in a boating accident in August of last year.

Harald was in J4Z, and we remember him as a lively, intelligent boy, interested in all activities going on around him, winning everyone with his enthusiasm, his sincerity, and his captivating earnestness.

A determined scholar, Harald progressed tremendously in his short time at the school, notably in sports, and in his command of English. It was hard to remember that, when he entered the Prep. Department two years earlier, he hardly spoke a word of English.

Our thoughts and sympathies go out to his family, who must still miss him terribly. We would like to take this opportunity to thank them for the extremely generous gesture of establishing a Junior School Scholarship Fund to Harald's memory.

By this kind thought, Harald will always be a part of Saltus Junior School.



YOU TOO CAN ENJOY SUMMER SCHOOL !

This was the unpropitious start of last year's Summer School.

However it did not dampen the spirits of the students for long, and some forty boys had an enjoyable four weeks under the tutelage of Mrs. Latter, Mr. Lever and Miss Wilkie.

Good news spreads. This year some sixty boys enrolled under four teachers, Mrs. Latter, Messrs Adams and Sutherland and Miss Wilkie. The programme includes daily English and Mathematics, followed by a variety of recreational subjects such as Art, Drama, Games and Gymnastic activities.

It was voted by all as a most successful Summer School, a refreshing progression of the year's activities.



QUOTABLE QUOTES!

J5L: The Huns were great worriers!

J5L: Farmer Brown devoured (divorced) two wives.

J5B: $\frac{1}{4}$ of a complete turn = 1 right angler. (Fishy story)

J5B: I just read a book called "The Living White Hose" (sheer magic!)

J6W: Question: Why is the Orangutan in danger of extinction?

Answer: Because when hunters are aiming for birds they shoot the Orangutans by mistake!

J5B: Abbreviations

K.E.VII.M.H. — King Eney Seventh Memorial Hospital

J6A: Question: Subtract 999 from 4627 — what is the answer?

Answer: None!

Question: Right. Here's an easy way to do it! What could you call 999 to make the sum easier?

Answer: The Fire Brigade!

J4Z "We've got lots of those — what you said — at home. Real old ones."

"Stalactites?"

"Yes — my sister had them at ballet class!"

J5B: The part of the rock I was leaning on gave way and I tumbled down into an underground tavern!

J4L: Captain Cook was a famous sailor who explored the coasts of Australia.

J7A: Question: Who was Lenin?

Answer: One of the Beatles.

J4L: The swallow uses mud, spit and fathers to make a nest.

J6A: Question: Sir, is it true that you can make glue from horses?

Answer: Yes, glue can be made from the hooves of horses.

Question: But Sir, will that not kill them?

J4L: Long ago people watched bare dancing at the fair.

Staff: If you have an accident you won't have a leg to stand on!

I don't intend to start with anything interesting.

I think she has forgotten her memory.

"The concert this year is er, Tom Sawyer."

"Yes, I knew it had something to do with Dickens!"

We haven't got to now, yet!



Let's get off this page!



JUNIOR SCHOOL CLASS MOTHERS

Last year the Class Mothers worked hard to provide fans throughout the School. Money ran out before the Hall fans could be installed, but, by redoubling their efforts this year, the indomitable mothers had the Hall fully equipped during the Easter holiday.

However, the intervening months ranking among the coldest that Bermuda has ever known, the Mothers were further moved to provide heaters for rooms classified in the school as Ice Boxes. Warmest thanks from all who use them.

Their final gift, as an independent body, was that of a cine-projector. After dutiful service of over 20 years, following its presentation to Cavendish Hall School in 1960 by Mr. Hereward Watlington, the present one had been expiring, to the frustration of teachers and Association members, for some considerable time. As movie presentations play quite a large part in some areas of the curriculum, we are most grateful for the gift of the new one.

From January 1981, proceeds from all Class Parents' activities were deposited in the Saltus Association funds, on the understanding that each department could continue to stipulate to what project they wanted their monies placed.

The first project on the Junior School agenda is to be the provision of stage lighting for the Hall. In progressively sophisticated productions over the last few years, lights have had to be borrowed or hired, and an inordinate amount of time has been taken up annually collecting, installing, dismantling and returning them.

Our own system will save much time, labour and general inconvenience, and we are extremely grateful to our Class Mothers, and to the Association, for their financial help in its purchase.

This year the Junior School says Goodbye to its grandam of class mothers, our Organiser of Activities for the last three years, Mrs. Joan Skinner. With her unfailing vitality and her lively sense of humour, Mrs. Skinner has been such a helpful link between staff and parents, has become so integral a part of school and staff life, that we wonder how the system will run without her. We cannot thank her adequately for all her efforts on our behalf, and we would wish her a happy and well-earned retirement, if we did not suspect that the Senior School is waiting to enlist her help "up there."



Class Mothers: 1980-81

l - r : The Mrs. Smith, Lorenz, Hamill, MacIntyre, Skinner, Simmons, Wetherhill, Paradine, Drew.



Some Lunch and Tuck Shop Mothers

l - r : The Mrs. Adderley, MacIntyre, Rego, Simmons, Lyons, Van Haarlem, Mrs. Skinner, Todd.
(among those missing, some of the helping fathers).



Reading helpers: l - r : The Mrs. Todd, Montarsolo, Menzies, Adams, Spencer-Arscott, Wetherhill, Cressall, de Costa, Harris, Simmons.



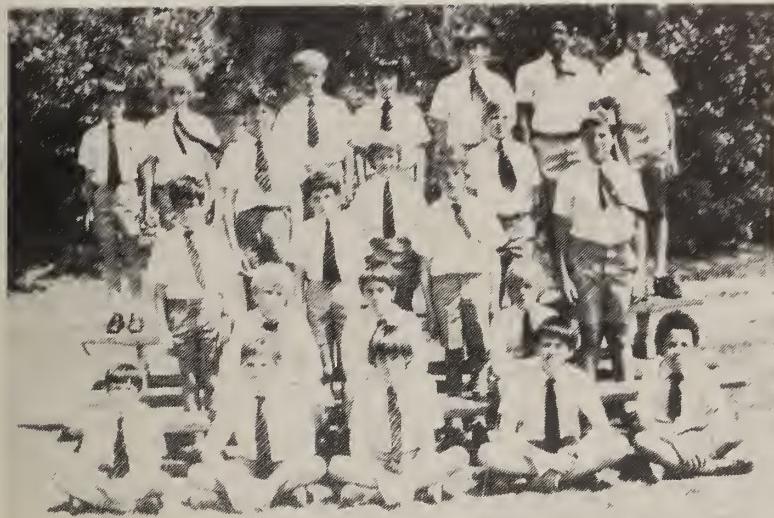
Mrs. Joan Skinner,
Co-ordinating Class Mother
1978-81.



Mrs. Marirea, who has kept all departments of Saltus generously supplied with loads of paper off-cuts.

Thank You
MUMS !

The Easter Competition



Friday, 10th April, 1981

Judges:

Our grateful thanks to Mrs. Mollie Luthi and Mrs. Lisbeth Cooper who judged the Floral displays and to Mrs. Susan James and Mrs. Adrianna Tompkins who, with Mr. Beasley, found themselves judging everything else.

Winners of this year's Easter Competition:

KITES:

Class Winners: Back Row (left to right)

**Justin Cressall, Robert Higley,
Paul Johnson, Martin de Silva,
Gregory Cave Devrae Noel-Simmons,
Jason Bento**

Overall Winners: 4th Row:

Round Kite & First Up: **Patrick Cooper,**
Traditional: **Mark Hobbs;**
Highest Flier: **Bruce Menzies.**

EGG Winners: 3rd Row:

**William Davidson, Julian Wilkinson,
Michael Hind,**
Egg Rolling Winner: **Ashley Redmond.**

CARDS: 2nd Row:

Craig Morbey, Kevin Mayall, Sean Moran

FLORAL ART: Front Row

**Douglas Mello, Matthew Brewer, James
Robinson, Christian Wheddon**
Miniature arrangement: **Corey Craig**



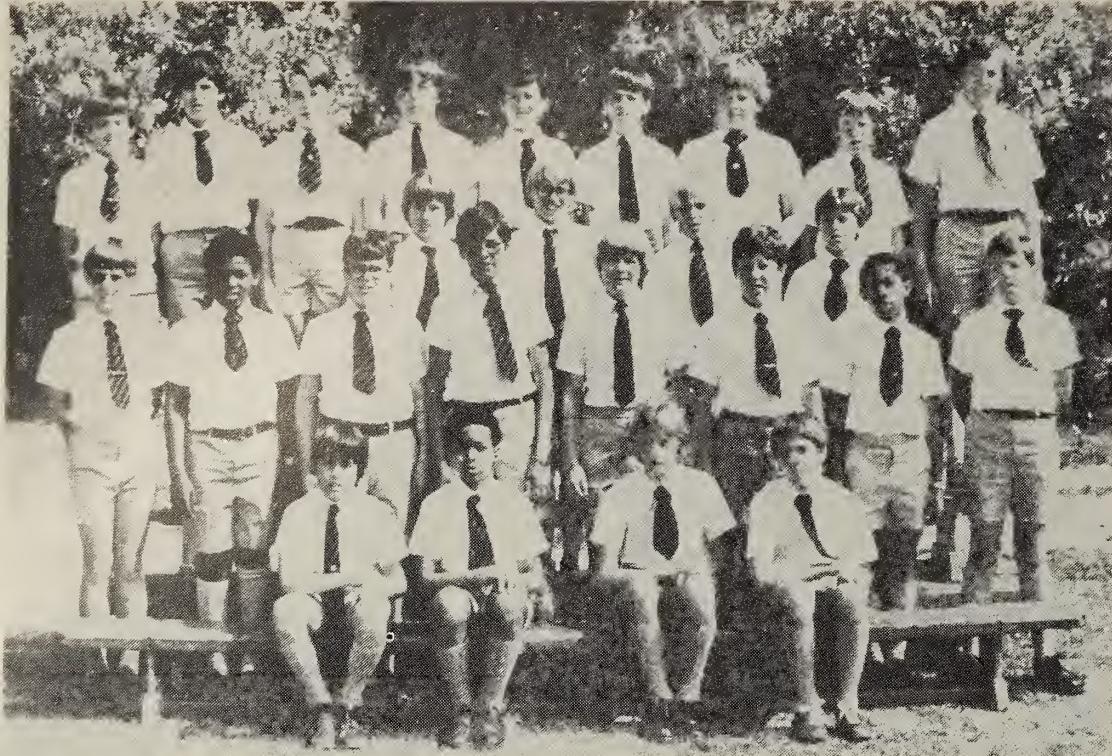
Our gratitude to Mrs. Sally Cooper for conducting the Floral Art workshop



...and to Mr. Andrew Cooper, who, supported by several parents, ran all the kitemaking workshops.



Egg rolling final: open age competition!



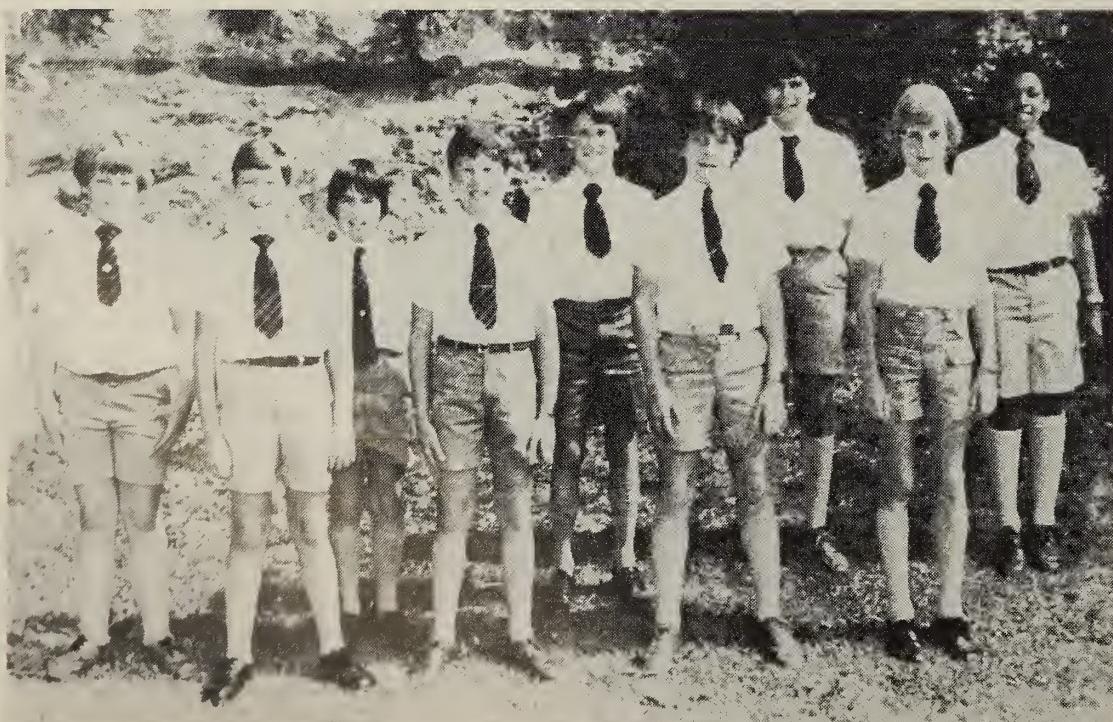
Junior School Monitors:

Back Row: Christopher Marshall, Jonathan Rego, John Logan,
Henry Adderley, James Young, Christian Wheddon, Ted Temple,
Billy Paterson, Michael A. Davis.

3rd Row: Carsten Lorenz, Jamie Comes, Grant Forbes, Jimmy Skinner.

2nd Row: Michael G. Davis, Devrae Noel-Simmons, Paul Moniz, Brett Marshall,
Nicholas Gould, Patrick Cooper, Derek Joaquin, Brian Mello.

Front Row: Scott Simmons, Dudley Thomas, Jonathan Cooper (Head Teacher's monitor),
Kevin Mayall (Head Teacher's Monitor)



Junior School House Captains 1980-81

Saltus: Ted Temple (Vice)
Brian Mello (Captain)

Watlington: Scott Amos (Vice)
Henry Adderley (Captain)

Butterfield: Scott Simmons (Vice)
Patrick Cooper (Captain).

Darrell: Jonathan Rego (Vice)
Devrae Noel-Simmons (Vice)
Jonathan Cooper (Captain)

JUNIOR SCHOOL CLUBS 1980-1981



JUNIOR FIRST AID: Dr. Racicot and Mr. Dunleavy.

Junior First Aid

Certificates won by:

Ewan Cheyne
Ian Finnerty
Michael Hind
Norman Hodson
Brian Huxley
Andrew Rance
Ashley Redmond
Scott Simmons
Christian Wheddon



THE ART CLUB: Mr. Beasley.

Art Club

This year's Art Club, again run by Mr. Beasley, consisted of 28 members. Most of the energetic young artists were from the J4 and J5 classes though a few were from the J6 and J7 classes.

We started off the year with drawing and painting which grew complicated as we progressed in our learning. Later on we started woodwork with most people using Bermuda Cedar. Many interesting (some not so interesting) objects were produced by the artists. After a long period of woodworking we moved onto making models with Papier Mache and Plaster of Paris. After a few lessons in which we did this we moved onto clay sculpturing for the Club's first time.

On behalf of myself and the Art Club I would like to thank Mr. Beasley for an enjoyable year of art working.



TENNIS: Mrs. Latter and Mr. Daulphine of the Hamiltonian Hotel.

Tennis Tournament Results

In a J7 tournament that took place at the end of term.

Quarter Finals

Norman Timmins beat Chris Marshall,
Devrae Noel-Simmons b. Henry Adderley
Michael G. Davis b. Kevin Mayall,
Patrick Cooper b Gary White.

Semi-Finals

Norman Timmins b. Devrae Noel-Simmons,
Michael G. Davis b. Patrick Cooper

Final

Norman Timmins b. Michael G. Davis.

Junior Results

In the J5 Round Robin competition

1st Miguel Triay
2nd Carter Frith

In the J6 Round Robin competition

1st Jeremy Whittle
2nd Carter Frith



DRAMA CLUB: Mr. Adams.



GARDENING CLUB: Miss Armstrong.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL CLUB: Mr. Sutherland.

A sincere 'thank you' to all the staff and volunteers who gave of their time and energy so willingly to ensure that all the clubs were such a success.

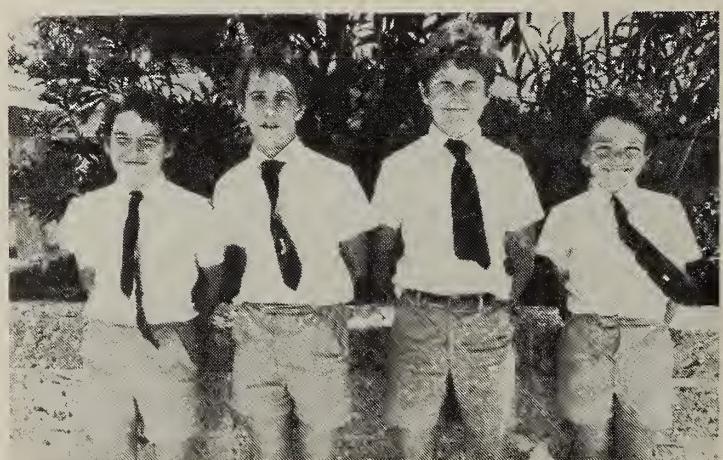
Well done indeed.

ON SHOW



Junior School Artwork on display in City Hall.

CONGRATULATIONS!



Congratulations to the boys pictured here for their performance in the Saltus Senior School Entrance Examination:
left to right: Kevin Mayall — 1st Place Scholarship
Patrick Cooper and Scott Simmons — Music Awards
David Crooke — Honourable mention for performance as an underage student.

CAVENDISH PREPARATORY



“The Boys Love it ...”

*The gift of a slide by
Mr. and Mrs. Draycott
has given the children
much pleasure . . .*

“... and the Staff like it too!”



Preparatory School Staff

Mrs. M. Hopkins — **Head of Department**

Left to Right: Mr. R. Meredith, B.A.
Mrs. K. Walker
Mrs. P. Sampson
Mrs. E. Hyland
Mrs. M. Draycott
Mrs. S. Bacon
Mrs. B. Jennings
Miss W. Thompson
in front: Mrs. M. Hopkins

Mrs. Sampson's 1s

5-6 Years Old.



Tyrannosaurus Rex by MICHAEL MAUGHAN.

I went to the land of the dinosaurs and I saw triceratops fighting tyrannosaurus and tyrannosaurus won by scratchen him.

Andrew Brooke

I went to the land of the dinosaurs and I saw allosaurus chasing brontosaurus becuse he wanted to eat hem but brontosaurus went in the water.

Edward Chenard

I went to the land of the dinosaurs and I saw ankylosaurus het tyrannosaurus with his tel.

David Hobbs



A tyrannosaurus attacking a diplodocus
by DEREK TRIMINGHAM.



Triceratops by ANDREW BROOKE.

SOME DINOSAUR STORIES

(The children's phonic spelling has been left in.)

I went to the land of the dinosaurs and I saw a elasmosaurus swiming bay.

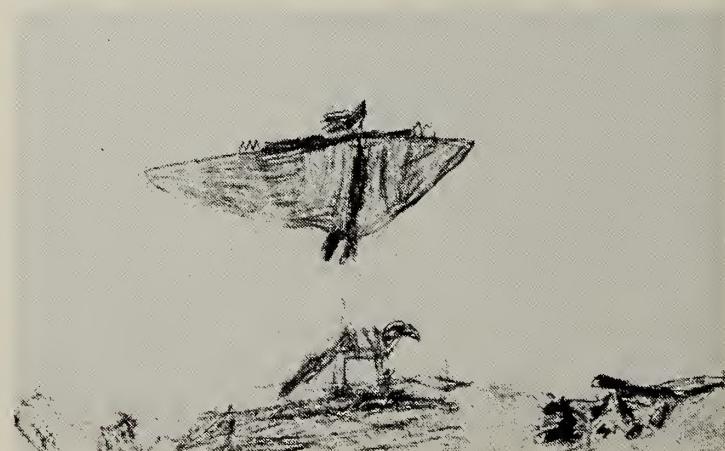
Christopher Heinicke

I went to the land of the dinosaurs and I saw ankylosaurus and tyrannosaurus was attacking him and tyrannosaurus won, and tyrannosaurus ate meat.

Michael Maughan

I went to the land of the dinosaurs and I saw diplodocus going in the water antill I saw his hed and he was runing away from tyrannosaurus, becuse tyrannosaurus was going to eat diplodocus.

Marc Boden



Dinosaur by ALAIN GORDON-SEYMORE

I went to the land of the dinosaurs and I saw triceratops attacking allosaurus and triceratops used his hans to fit.

Magnus Henagulph

I went to the land of the dinosaurs and I saw trachodon goin by and I saw brontosaurus eteg plants.

Jason Leman

I went to the land of the dinosaurs and I saw allosaurus runing to a diplodocus and allosaurus won then he was ful becos he ate diplodocus.

Geovanni Simon

WEEKEND ACTIVITIES

(The children's phonic spelling has been left in.)

On Sunday I went for swim in my polle and it was calld in the water and my sister went in tow tims and I got a suntan and I allmost jrowned in the water.

Marc Boden

I watched my nannies bujee and his neme is Snoopy.

Charles Kempe

We bilt a ambush hidut and I helpt my daddy dig a chrench.

Douglas Parker

I saw a bee and I got the bee and I put the bee in my toy box. My daddy opened my toy box and the bee got away.

Geovanni Simon



Dinosaurs by STEPHEN SAINSBURY



Boating by ANDREW BROOKE

I went to Sonesta play grawnd and I went on the swigs and slyd.

Christopher Heinicke

I played with my legow and I biwt a big ship with my bruthes and we nuwsd up ol of the legow in my bejrom.

Magnus Henagulph

I went to church and I went to a new clas becos my techor was sic.

Andrew Brooke

I went swimig and I went to the anix. I played with my dog.

Jason Leman



Mrs. Sampson and friend admire Goldie, the Guinea Pig.



I went to Geovannis Birthday prtey and I played robots with Marc.

Michael Parsons



Allosaurus by CHRISTOPHER HEINICKE

Mrs. Bacon's 1b

(5-6 years old)



From birdmen . . .

The boys' original spellings have been left in.

In 1909 Mr. Bleriot went over the sea and landid on land
and people wocht him.

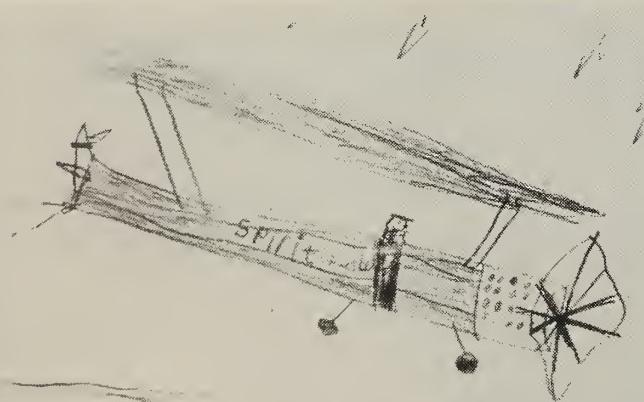
Thomas Thurlby

I sor a jet. It went fast and it droped a parashoot man.

Paul McCann

I saw a Chinese kite and it wos a big kite and it carid a man
and I wocht it all day into nit toim and I went home and went to
sleep.

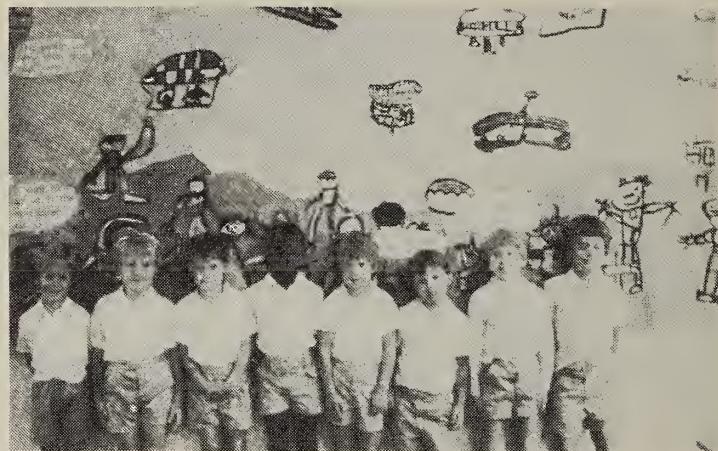
Adam Booth



"Mr. Lindberg flies over the Atlantic"
by THEODORE FRANCIS.



"Mr. Bleriot was the first to fly over the sea"
by ANDREW RIKER.



. . . to the Wright Brothers with 1B.



"Otto Lilienthal flew on his glider"
by GEORGE MASTERS.

Charles Lindbergh wus to be the first man to go over the
Atlantic Ocean.

Sean Collier

I saw a sea plane flying over my house yesterday. My Aunty
went home two days late because there was no British Airways
plane.

Alasdair Younie



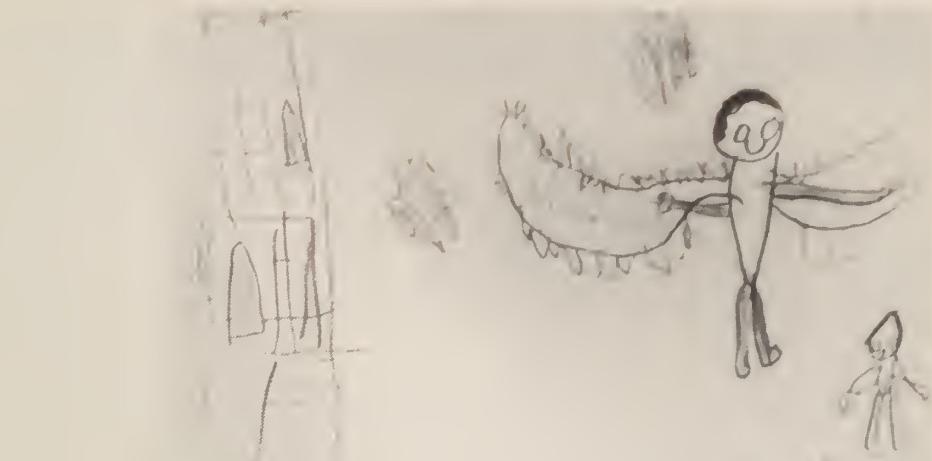
"Some things can fly by themselves.
Butterflies can!"

Flying boats wur the frst aeroplanes to
cum to Bermuda.

Nicholas Hirn



A practical maths lesson using
Cuisenaire rods.



A flying man by PAUL McCANN.

I saw the Montgolfier balloon and it woz fild with hot air. Hot air made it fly
James Hubbard

Gliders can fly with men and they can go in the wind but they cannot fly in a
big storm becos they will crash.

Theodore Francis

I saw two jets and one aeroplane flying over my house.

Justin Griffiths

This is the war two. In the war two they had some boms planes and spit fire
planes.

Wayne Jones

A long time ago men wish they could fly like birds and they made wings and
they flaput and some men got killed.

I saw a jet and I saw a man jump out.

Douglas De Couto

I sor a plane wen I was little. It wos dropping bombs.

Daniel Cleife

I saw a spit fire and it med fire.

Steven Leith



"The Wright Brothers Plane" by JUSTIN GRIFFITHS.

Mrs. Hyland's 2h

Once I went on a boat and there was a tornado. I got caught in it, and, it took me away from home. I landed on an island. I saw a stack of wood and then I thought I'd build a house. I did. Then I had to find food. I built a boat, went fishing and caught lots of fish to eat.

Peter Rans aged 6

One day I went on a cruise ship. I saw a leak so I went to get some cement. When I came back with the cement it was not leaking out so I said that was strange before it was leaking out but now it isn't. So I hid. I saw a man. He was a bad man. I flipped him but when I went to flip him he flipped first I had to try again. The same thing happened again and again. I had to make a trap for him so I did and this time I got him. I took him to jail and we all got safely home.

Simone Maranzana aged 7

Once I bought a balloon and it was magic. It took me to the jungle. I saw a kind elephant who took me up on his trunk and gave me a ride. He let me down. Then I saw a little house. In the house lived a magician. He said one, two, three at once I was back in England. Then I went on a ship. The ship sank. I said to all the people lets jump on the boats. We saw an island, made camp and we lived there for ever.

Philip Shearer aged 6



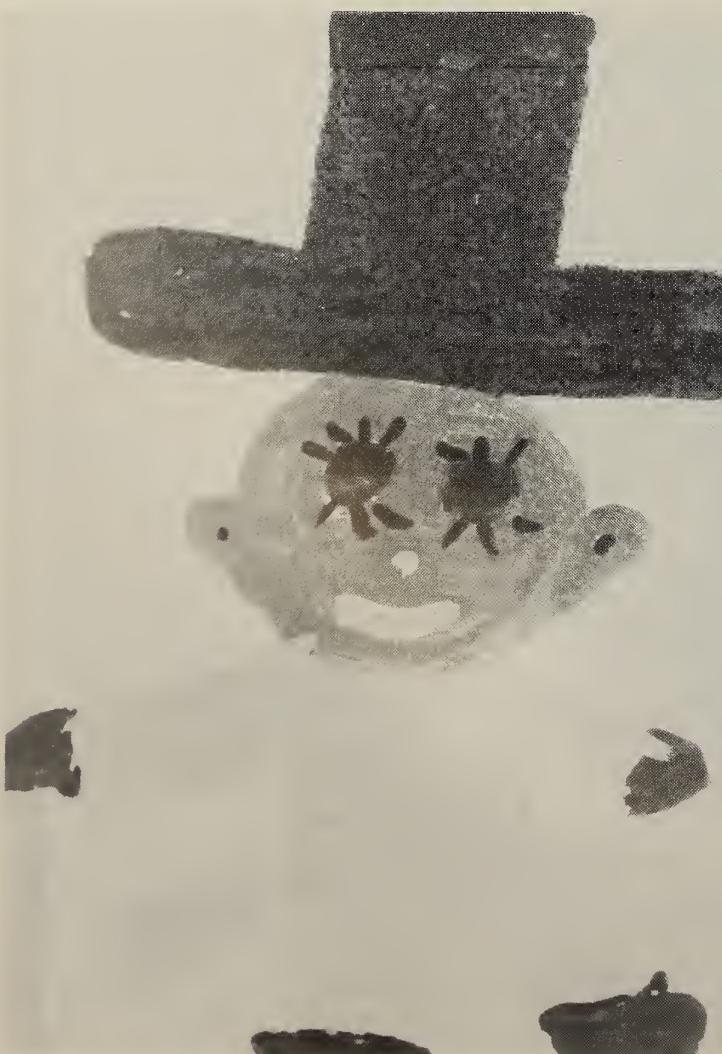
Charlie Bucket by RUPERT HENAGULPH.

One day I went on the Eastern Mariner. It was full of chemicals. They were the poisonous ones, I never heard of. I was second bos on the freighter. One day I went down where the poison was. I saw a big leak. The chemicals were going into the sea. It would kill the fish. They said that they would take the boat to the deepest part of the sea and sink it. We all got in life boats. The ship sank but we got safely away.

Jordan Guinn aged 6

One time me and my friend Lance went on a big, big, big freighter. It was called M.V. Atlantic. We had got a mile out of the harbour. The captain's name was David Toole and his wife's name was Betty Toole. One day there was a storm and the boat was going down very fast. We all jumped. Me and Lance saw an island. We swam and swam. We built a cabin on the island. We found a banana tree so we didn't run out of food. One day a boat came to the island and we went on the boat.

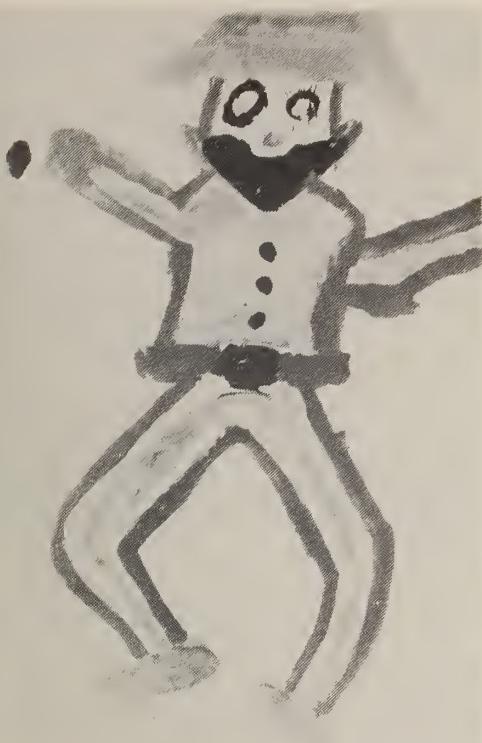
Simon Toole aged 7



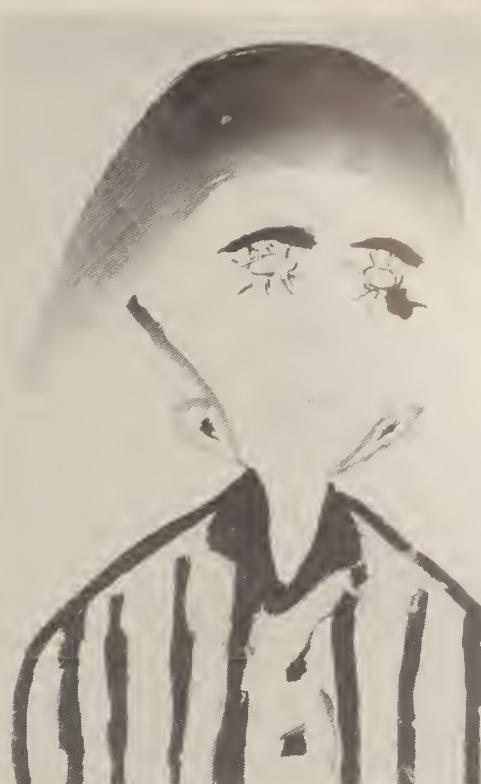
Willy Wonka by JASON COOK.

One day a robber was caught and went to prison. But he escaped. He still had his gun. He murdered an old lady. One day he thought he would steal something from our house, but, I heard his footsteps. I went out. But it was not me that caught him. He caught me. He took me to his hide out. He tied me up. Then I remembered my code watch. I managed to activate it. My mummy and daddy noticed the code. They called the police. They came very quickly. The robber shot two of them. The others ran away. My mummy and daddy had guns. I broke the ropes. I jumped on his back. He fell down. Then the police came back. This time when they put him in prison they made the bars escap proof.

Justin Freisenbruch aged 6



Mike Teavee
by PATRICK SINGLETON.



Grandpa Joe
by MARK ADAMS.



The Chocolate Machine
by PHILIP SHEARER.



Augustus Gloop by JUSTIN FREISENBRUCH.

I was flying in an aeroplane. Robbers came on the plane. They had guns. They took everybody's muney. I waited for a while. Then when they weren't lookin, I gumped and nocked the guns out of their hands. People helped me tie them up. When the plane landed I took them to jail.

Patrick Singleton Aged 6

Once a man gave me some beans. I said Thank you. When I got home I showed my mother and she was mad. She threw the beans away, then made me go to sleep. When I got up I went to my window and I saw a vine. I dressed myself, went outside and told my mother. Then I started to climb the vine. When I finished climbing I noticed it was a beanstalk. I looked around and I saw gold and silver.

Brenton Tucker Aged 6

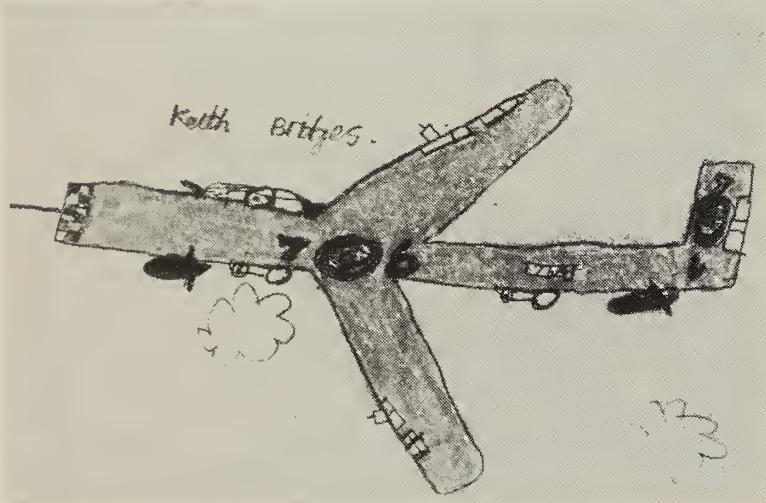
One day my mother marrid the Prince of Wales, and, I became prince. When I was a man I got marrid and my wife had a baby. An old witch lived near. One day when the princess was older, she was playing in the garden. The witch climbed over the wall and kidnapped her and took her to a tower. She got some bricks and cemented the tower. When the princess was fifteen a prince came rideing by. He saw someone in the tower. He had his rope with him. He threw it up, climbed the tower wall and rescued the princess. She told him where she lived and went home. They were marrid and lived happily ever after.

Howard Abernethy Aged 7

Mrs. Draycott's 2d



The Little Wooden Horse by JONATHAN BELL.



A fighter Plane by KEITH BRIDGES.



One day I went to the moon and I saw a space monster and we had a fight and I got out my pen knife and I stabbed the space monster and my Mummy took a picture of me. And the rocket couldn't take off and we couldn't go home. But one day another rocket came to the moon and we went home and I was so happy I ran through the door and I broke it.

Robert Bray, Age 6

Santa was sharpening his Christmas pensil when he cut his finger and lots of bacteria got in. He got lots of rest but it didn't work. He askt Green Lantern to help. Green Lantern took the toys and the children were happy.

Christopher Morgan, Age 6

We went to the Fire Station on Thursday. We saw ther big axes and ther little axes and thay had a big metal bar and thay even shode us the fire engines and thay let us see a moviy of Hansel and Gretal and the fire and I did not no eney questions to tell eney firemen and then we went back to School to get are lunch cans.

John Harvey, Age 6

I Am A Policeman

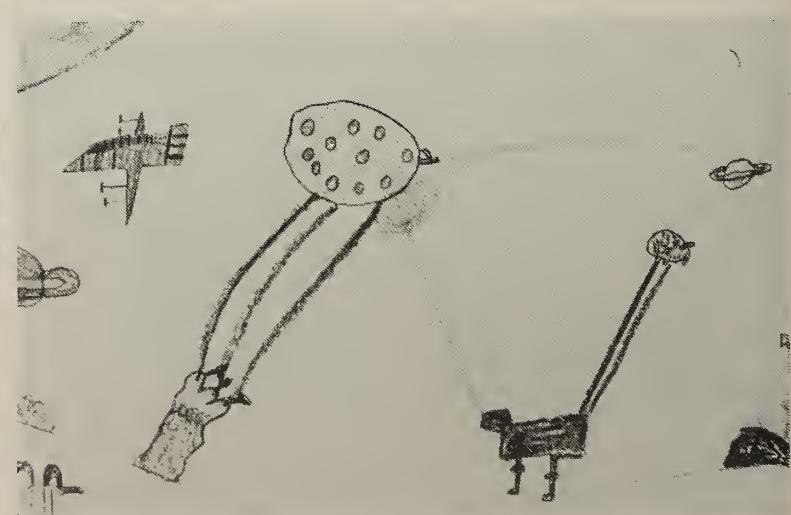
I am after a rober and he is going over 40 miles an our. He robed a bank and stole some gold. I captured him and then we had a fight and he wan and he escapit and got on his bike and got away and I got on my bike I went after him and he turned real fast that I didn't see him turning so fast that I went in the rong durecchin. But I saw his hideout and I stopt and broke his hideout and he got away. He was 7 miles ahead of me and soon I cacht up with him and there was a traffic jam so he was in it so I captured him.

Christian Luntzer, Age 7

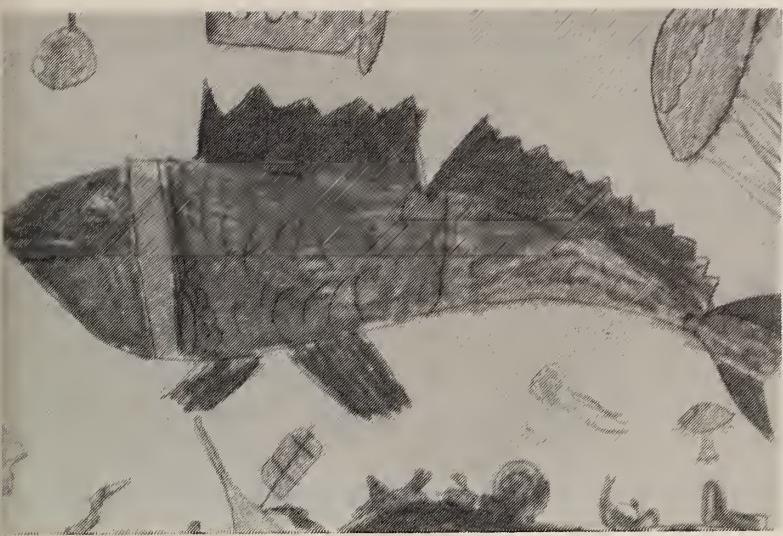
My Aeroplane

Hi my name is Reese and I am going to fli my U.S.A. bomber. I am going to a war today here we go now. Ho No we are under attack O K buster you asked for it now you will get it bombs away Bang bang we won the war.

Mark Bartley, Age 6



Outer Space by TRIPP WEST.



The Fish that got away by JONATHAN BELL.



The Deliverance by JAMES DAVIDSON.



*2D made buses
for their transport project . . .*



. . . and they made aeroplanes.

**Moby Dick 20,000 leges Under the Sea
Addvenchairs.**

On Saturday I went on a ship called Whale hunter and for one day I was gard of the spears and the man in the Crows nest said whales ahead and a man said it is Moby Dick get the biggest spear redy. loer the dingy O.K. So me and my daddy went in the dingy and we went close to Moby Dick's tail and threw a spear in it and he got very mad so we threw another spear and he got mader so my daddy got on his back and killed him and we came back to the big ship. Then we saw a sea monster and he nearly sunk the ship. We got the runway ready for a plane to take off but the monster ate it. So we called the navy of the U.S.A. but they did not work so we called some indeins, some eskimos and some cowboys but they did not work. Then there was a storm and the monster went home. In the morning the monster was harf blind so the people killed him and won the big war of World 3.

Simon Leighton Age 7

**The Adventures of Billy the Kid
and Jesse James.**

Billy the Kid was riding out when Jesse James came. They had a fite. Jesse won. He tied Billy up and pushed him in a well and rode off. On the way Jesse's horse saw a rattle snake and Jesse fell off his horse and the snake bit Jesse. When Billy work up he was so mad he snaped the rope and climed out and rode off. When he found Jesse he cut him and sucked out the poison and covered Jesses arm with ashs then he tied Jesse up. Then he stold some gold from a bank then he sailed away for ever. He sailed to Amereca and he saw Cristerfer Columbus. Billy wanted to be the first one to be at Amereca so he stabeld Cristerfer and tied him up. The indians didnt want him on their land so they killed him and sailed away in Billy's boat.

Barton Sommerville Age 6

I Am A Policeman

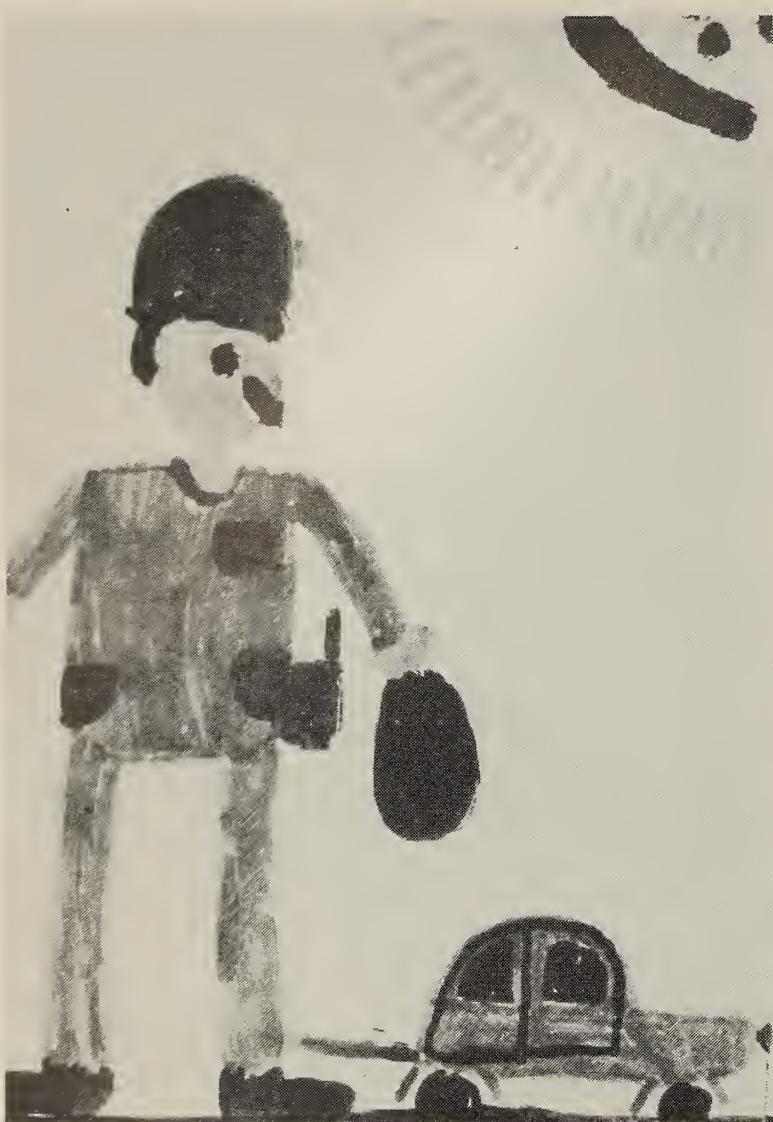
I am after a rober and I caught him. I dug a hole in the grond and then I filled it with leaves and then he stepped in it and that is how I caught the robber and that is how I stopped the robber from robbing the bank.

Mark Guishard Age 6



We went to see The Deliverance.

Miss Thompson's 3t



"Policeman and Car" by NIGEL PULL

Why I Like School

I like school because we have clubs and S.R.A. and we get to choose. I like school because our teacher is sometimes funny. I like reading and I like the questions for reading. I like sports because we get to play football and we get to practice our sports.

Christopher Smith

A Surprising Discovery

Once I was walking down the street I saw a key on the road. I picked it up. Then I took it home with me. Then when I was at home the door was locked. Then I tried to open the door. Then I put the key in the door. Then it opened the door. Then I went in the house. Then I was hungry and I cooked a hot dog. Then some bad men came in my house and took my key. Then I said come back here. Then I called up the police and the police went to get them. One day they went in to somebody's house and opened the door with my key. That was a trap. When they went in the police surrounded them. The police gave me the key back. Then they gave me 100 dollars.

Lauren Smith

The Storm

One day I was on my horse and a storm started. The horse got scared and it started to buck and run and jump. I held on tight to the ropes but they snapped and I fell off the horse. I broke my arm and I went to the hospital. I got a cast and my mum was very sad.

Aaron Oliphant

The Cave

I went in a cave and I saw a panther in the cave. He ran after me and tried to kill me. I went to the end of the cave and in the woods and I lost him. I went back into the cave and three panthers were after me. I went back in the woods and then went home in my bed and went fast asleep.

Rannie York

The Fire

One day a war was going on in England. A helicopter dropped a bomb. The bomb made a big BOOM. It made a house on fire. A man ran out with a machine gun. The man blew the helicopter up with his machine gun. A tank came and blew up an aeroplane. The gasoline came down and made a big fire. An army fire truck came and put out the fire. Then the captain of the English army came out and said that they will not fight any more.

Daniel Swiney

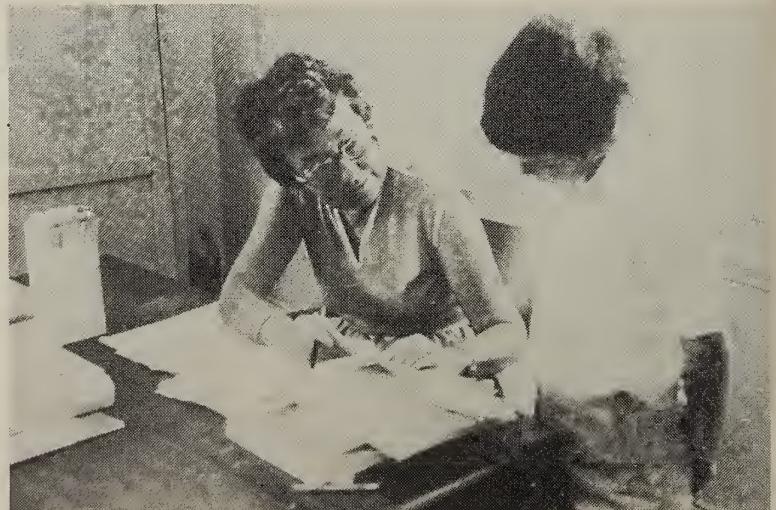
When I Grow Up

When I grow up I would like to be an astronaut. I could go in a Space Shovel and a rocket. I could see stars and Mars and Planet X. I could float and I could chop off some moon rock. I would drive the Space Shovel and it would be fun. I would see the computers and I would stay up. If I go too near the sun I would die.

Reid Robinson



Potato prints.



Hard at work!

The Tornado

Once upon a time there was a tornado heading towards our house. I jumped out of the window and I went to the Police Station. Then I told them what happened and I rushed back. My house was not there. So I went away to find a house. I did find a house and I went fishing. I sold the fish that I caught to get some money. Then one day I was the richest man in the world.

Gary Ward

The Mouse

Once upon a time there was a mouse and his name was Sam. He had his own private beach with a dock and a boat and it was called the Challenger. On Fridays he would go fishing and he would always catch a lot of fish and take them home and cook them for supper. Then he would go to bed and watch T.V. and then go to sleep. In the morning he would get up and get breakfast and then he would watch cartoons and go over to his friends house.

Andrew Cree

The Cave

One day I went in a cave with my friends. We saw some diamonds and jewels. We put some diamonds and jewels in our pockets. Then we got lost in the cave. It got dark inside the cave. Then we saw a skeleton and it was scary. Then we saw a secret opening. So we could get out of the cave and go home and play a game of football.

Matthew Ringer

The Fire

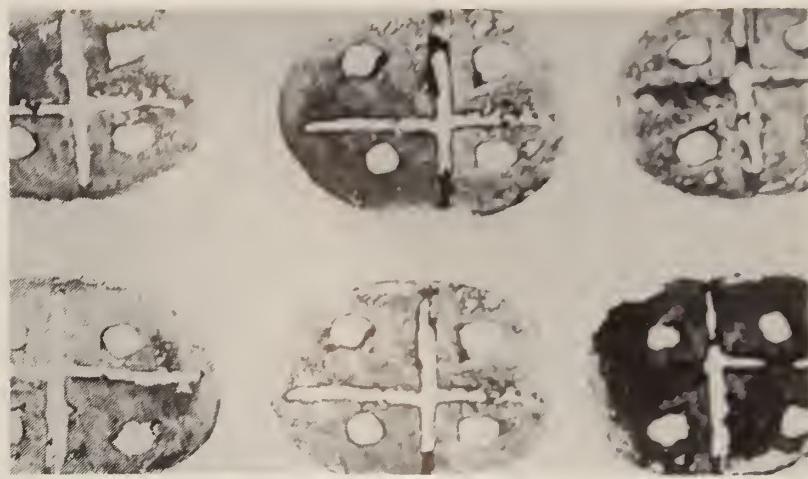
One day a robber came to the fire station. He had a time bomb. He set it and threw it at the fire station. The firemen were asleep in the fire station. They heard a bang. Two men went outside to see what it was. The robber hid because he heard the firemen coming out. The time bomb was ticking. Only ten more seconds left. They didn't find the time bomb. Then suddenly they heard a boom. It had blown up. All the firemen got into the fire trucks and put out the fire. There was a lot of smoke. Then they heard someone cough. It was the robber. They called the police. The police locked him up for a year.

Nicholas Wallington

Three Wishes

One day I was exploring an old pyramid in Egypt when I dug up an old lamp. On it there was a note written in funny writing. I took it to a scientist hoping that he might figure it out. It took several days for him to figure it out and in those days I discovered some strange things about the lamp. In a few days the scientist called me up on the telephone and said I could come over to his office and find out what the note said. So straight away I asked my mother to drive me to his office. I brought the lamp with me because it might be of some help. When I got there the man told me what the note said. It said. Rub the lamp and you will have three wishes. So I rubbed the lamp and all of a sudden a strange man came out of the lamp. He thanked me for releasing him and then he asked me what my first wish would be. I said I wish I had a boat to go fishing in. Then he told me to look outside. So I looked outside and I saw a boat sitting on the grass. Then he asked me what my next wish would be. So I wished that I had a trailer to put my boat on. Again he told me to look outside. So I looked outside and there attached to the car was a fine new trailer. Before he could say a word I said my last wish is to have some sticks and wire to make lobster pots to catch lobsters in. But this time he did not have to tell me to look outside. When I looked outside I saw some sticks and wire. I thanked him for his gifts and then he disappeared into the lamp. Then the lamp disappeared and in a few weeks all the gifts came in useful to me.

Michael Batista



Potato prints.

A Surprising Discovery

One day I went for a walk. I found a piece of paper. It was mainly burnt and blackened but there were some numbers, I could still see. I looked at the numbers. They were a combination to a safe. I stopped looking at it and kept on walking. While I was walking I tripped over something. I got back on my feet and moved away the leaves and there was somebody's old door. I picked it up and there was another piece of paper. I picked it up. But this time it was a map to a safe. So I followed it. The map ended at a tree. I tapped it to see if it was hollow and it was hollow. I pushed against the tree and a door opened. I peered down and there was a little safe. I picked it up and carried it home.

Christopher Mutch



"Snoopy" by LYLE DOUGLAS.

Mr. Meredith's 3m

The Ring

I put on my scuba gear then I put on the ring and disappeared, then I dived into sea. It was pretty. I saw a fish. I wondered what kind of fish it was. There were pearls on the ocean floor. I picked some up and put them in my bag then I went on my way. I was looking for treasure, then I saw a shark. I was safe because he could not see me. I also saw a sunken ship. I went in side. I saw gold and jewels. I took them home.

Joel Froomkin

The Magic Wand

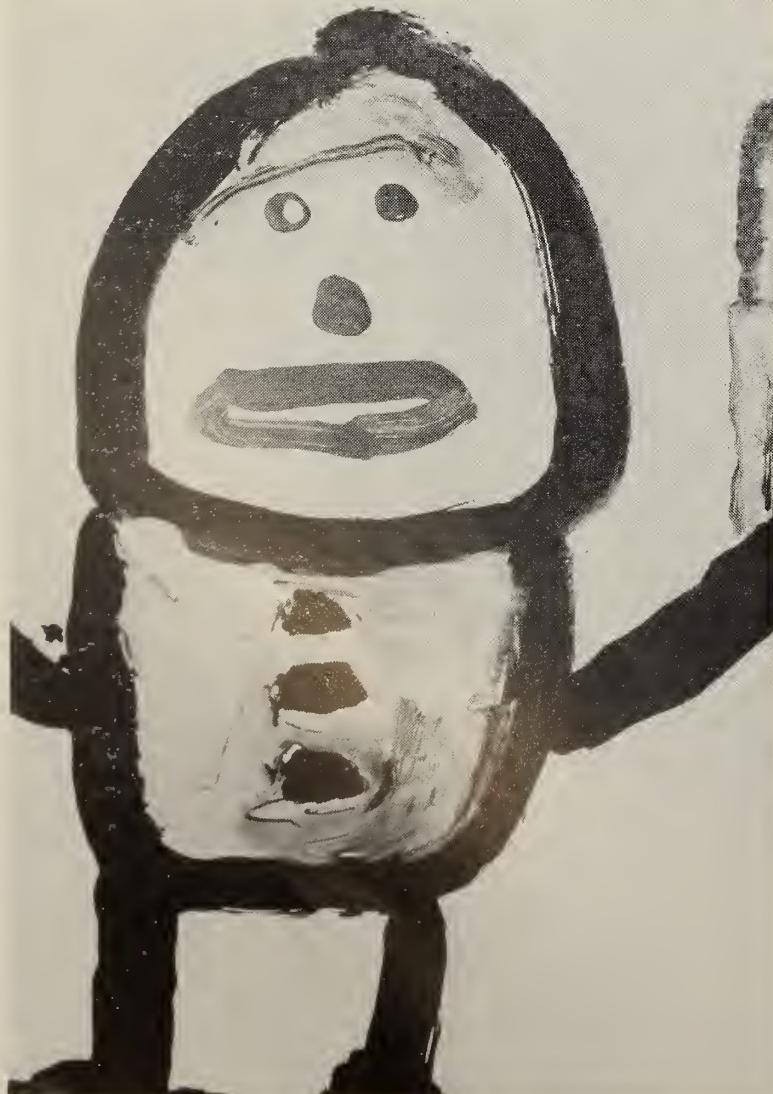
One day I went to a castle and I saw a room and I went in side it and then I heard a noise and I looked out of the door. It was a dragon and it had a golden magic wand on his head. I started to climb up the dragon, it was bumpy on the way up. Then I reached for the magic wand and then I slid down the dragon till I reached the bottom of the dragon. I saw a spider. I waved my magic wand and the spider turned into a frog and I went home and I waved the wand and my house turned in to a mushroom.

Alexander Spearing

I saw a space ship land

I saw a flying saucer in the sky and I ran to it and then it landed on the grass. Then a man called Darthvader and Chewbacca and Luke Sky Walker came out and took me to a machine that told them if I was a monster or people. They found that I was a person and then they shot me but I ducked and they missed and I shot them and I took a ride in the flying saucer.

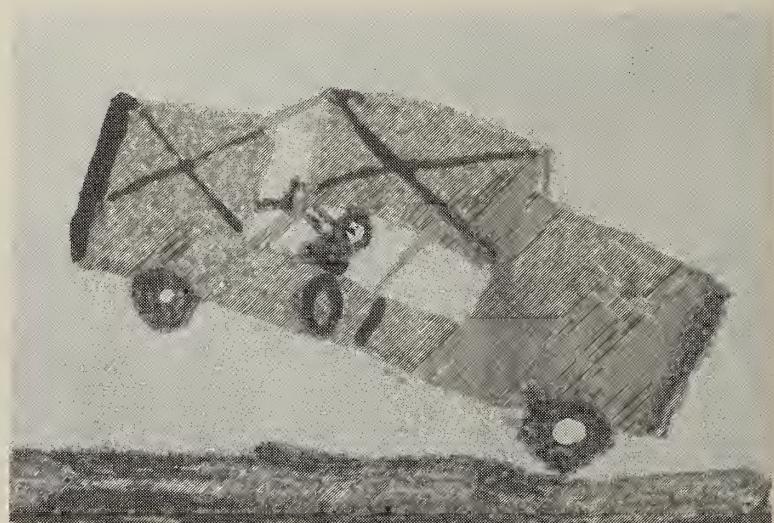
Derek Davis



"Cedric" by RUSSELL WILLIAMS.



"Sea Venture" by BOBBY PRATT.



"The General Lee" by MARCUS KERMODE.

Tom Sawyer

I liked it when injun Joe had a fight in the courthouse when the boy was talking and everyone was screaming. I liked it when Tom and Huckleberry fin went to the grave yard and when injun Joe and the Doctor and another man was there and I liked it when Tom and Huckleberry fin killed Injun Joe and the people came to see them and when they returned the money.

Spencer Moss

If I was in charge of the school

I would not let them fight or throw rocks or sticks or anything that will hurt anybody. Every Monday when I am not busy I will read the children a story. I have my own office. If any of the boys are rude they will be put up on the chart. Every new month we will have a clean chart, on the chart we have all the classes. Which ever class that boy is in we will put him with that class.

Richard Todd

I opened the door and I saw a grizzly. I went running, and saying a grizzly a grizzly, but Mummy was shopping. She took the sportscar so I went to the garage to get the motor cycle and I rode to town. I stopped at a gun store. I got a gun and went back home before it wrecked my wall, so I went seventy miles an hour. When I got to the house the grizzly was just leaving I took two shots but I missed.

Oliver Bruchhauser

Adventure in the castle

One day me and my friend went to Mayflower fort. When we got there we started a little game called hide and seek. I had to hide and he was to seek. And my friends name was Albert and My name is Michael. I found the best hideing place under a desk but when I stepped there I fell down a trapdoor. When I woke up from a little sound all I saw was a suit of armour. In a while I heard a voice saying Get away from here, the ghost of horror comes! I looked around but there was no one in sight. Then I saw skeletons. In a moment I thought of an idea. I was to put together the skeleton bones to make a ladder. After an hour making the ladder I finally put it together and got out. When I got to the surface I got a rope to get the armour up. Then I found my friend and told him about the whole thing except he did not believe me. I showed him the armour but he still would not believe me. So I set a trap. And got some meat and put it in the trap. After the night had past I came back to the castle and found a note saying every thing about himself and Welcome. He had come into the trap and it all was written in blood and there I saw a puddle of blood and I saw a sword stuck in the ground and a treasure box I showed this to my mother and were rich.

Stevan Ashton 3M



"Catweazle" by JONATHAN YOUNG.



Preparing Artwork for a slide film of "The Hobbit".

Adventure in the Castle

One day I was in a castle, it was very dark. Luckily I had brought my flash light. When I shone my torch at the table I saw some monsters talking. I tried to scream but I stopped myself. I saw a coffin that said The Mummy. I opened it. When I saw a figure dressed in bandages I ran upstairs and hid in a deserted coffin. The monster ran right past me. All of a sudden a ghost caught me and took me to a wizard. I killed the wizard and ran out of the castle.

Marcus Kermode 3M



"Clown juggling" by JERMAINE GIBBONS.



"Cookery Club" by JOEL FROOMKIN.

One Friday night I was practising. I banged my magic want and said a-la-peanut butter sandwiches and a rabbit came out of my magic hat, and some birds came out. The next day it was the big day for me because I was going to the theatre to do some magic tricks for the audience. The first trick I did put 20 plates on a table and put the big box and said abracadabra and first I pulled out a goat then I pulled out a thousand ribbons out of my pocket, and the next trick I even had a bigger box. A lady came and I put her in the box and said hocus pocus and I opened the door and the lady was gone, and the next trick a little boy came and I put him in a box and got a sword then and nothing happened.

Jermaine Gibbons 3M

I opened the door and I saw a lot of pirates and witches and demons and bad wizards worst of all the Big Bad Devil. A big net fell on me and they laughed at me. I kicked one of the pirates and then he pulled out his knife and put it against my neck. Then they took me to a dungeon and threw me in with a lot of other people. I said to them do you have a rope? Yes we do. I made a lasso out of it and tied it to a rock and threw it at the bars then they broke. I did not know that when the steel was hit it raised the alarm then millions of Demons came in riding on dragons. We ran past the dragons but they immediately turned around and started to chase us.

Guy Hamshere 3M

One Halloween Night

One Halloween night I was walking past a church and I heard a noise and I was frightened. Then I saw it was only a woodpecker, anyway I knew there is no such thing as a ghost, but then I heard a different noise and it was a ghost! Then I was terrified. The noise I heard went WOOOOOOOOO I ran and ran as fast as I could, then I heard the church clock strike 12 o'clock and the ghost ran back to the church but I kept on running. When I got home it was midnight so I got into bed and I dreamed about my little adventure but in the morning nobody believed that I saw a ghost.

David Morgan 3M

"We'd just like to say . . ."



Matron helps a boy whose legs are not yet long enough for the 'monkey bars'.



"During uncertain weather the children have to play at the upper level instead of on the field at lunch time. Mrs. Fahy organised games to keep the children happily occupied in the confined space. The staff send heartfelt thanks to all our lunch supervisors".

"QUOTABLE QUOTES" From the Prep School

"We all feel it at Times"

The prep 2's were studying "Surface Tension" and one enthusiastic six year old was anxious to demonstrate his knowledge to his parents. He filled a basin and sprinkled in pepper, and explained proudly that the pepper was kept afloat by "Saltus Tension"!

"They tell us everything"

Small Boy; "It's my mother's birthday to-day".

Teacher: "How nice. How old is she? 21?"

Small Boy: "No she's 35. She's using Oil of Olay".

A class 1 boy told his teacher he had watched a T.V. programme called "Two Furry Rabbits." He was quite certain that this was the title, even when by checking with the T.V. Guide she found that he had seen "240 Roberts."

Then there was the little boy who gave Mrs. Sampson a dollar, saying it was for "dolphins". No visit to the Dolphin Show was planned, and it was some time before she realised that he wanted to purchase Christmas Seals! Well — some marine mammal, anyway!



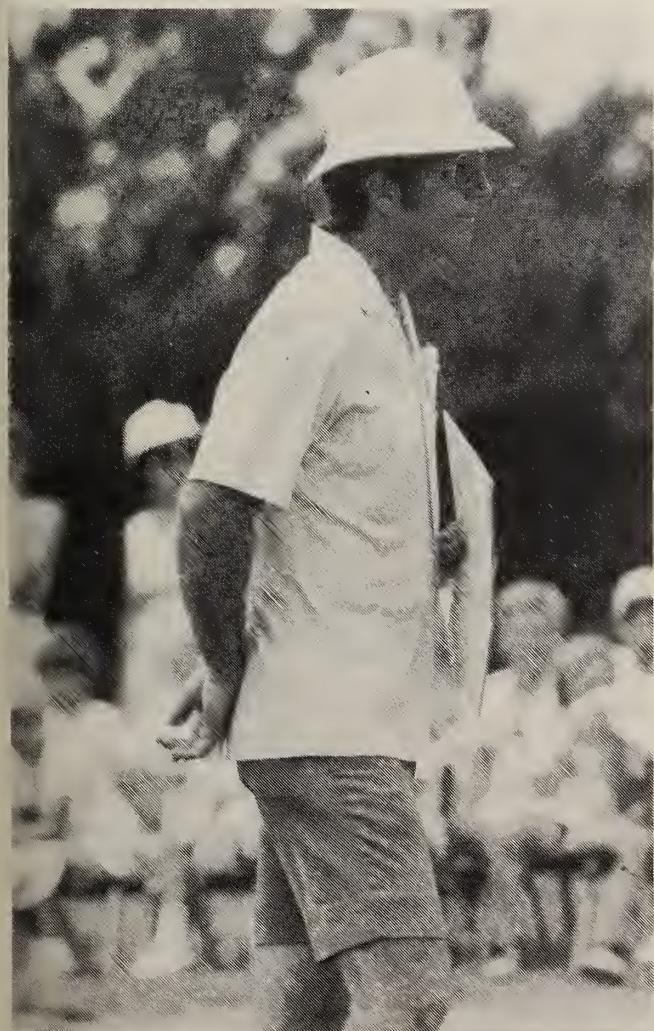
Miss Thompson's endemic trees again won awards in the National Trust competition. Does anybody need a small forest?



Mrs. Dickinson is representative of the many parents who help with Reading and other class activities. Our sincere thanks to all parent volunteers.



SPORTS DAY



The Crab Race!



Our illustrious starter.

The Winners!



The Flat Race!



I wish mummy would get a drier like everyone else!



The Sack Race!



The patter of tiny feet!



Up and over!



Girls at Saltus Prep!



Our very grateful thanks to Mrs. Linda Madeiros who designed and handstitched a competitor's ribbon for every child.



Oops!



No! Not that foot!



Aren't my hands supposed to be on the ground?



Dressing up the scarecrow.



This race is in the bag.



The critics!

Our sincere thanks to all those who helped so willingly and who provided us with some memorable photographs of our 1981 Sports Day.

The Christmas Concert



Santa's Super Helper

Superman's Christmas was the play given by 2D. I liked when Santa Claus said he had a bad cold and the elves couldn't help so they called Superman and he took the presents around the world and the children were happy in the morning. **Alexander Scrymgeour 3T**



"All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth".



The Music Club played, "The Russian March".



The Choir sang a medley of Christmas Songs.



King John's Christmas

King John's Christmas was the play given by 2H. King John wanted a big red Indian rubber ball for Christmas. So that night he put his stocking by the fire place and went to bed. The next morning he looked into his stocking and nothing was there. The same thing happened Santa never brings me anything. When suddenly a big red Indian rubber ball came through the window and landed on the floor in front of him. Then he said Santa did bring me a big red Indian rubber ball after all. **Christopher Mutch 3T**



Last night the carol singers came.

The Angels

The concert that IB did was called The Angels. The IB boys were all dressed in white clothes. Some boys played with drums, some played the tambourines, and some played the triangles. At the back boys had pictures of things. They were singing a song about angels.

Christian Dunleavy 3T



Frosty the Snowman

Carol Singers

One day my class went to see classes 2H, 2D, 1B, 1S and 3M do a play. The one I liked best was the play class 1S did. First they pretended to be carol singers. I liked their singing very much. Then they pretended to be Christmas trees. I liked their play and I also liked the other plays too.

Michael Davidson 3T



"The Spider's Christmas"

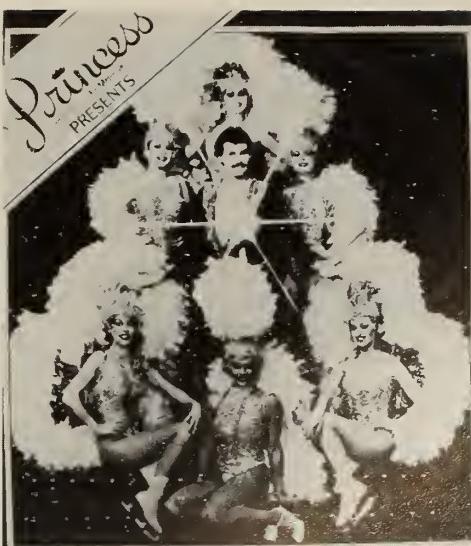
"Puss in Boots Up the Christmas Beanstalk:"

I liked when the giant turned himself into a dragon to scare Puss in Boots away. Then the giant turned himself into a mouse. Then Puss in Boots ate the giant and all the people were free.

Robert Rego 3T

One day I went and did 3T play and I was an angel. At first Mary was going to have a baby. They looked all over for a place to stay. Then an innkeeper said there is a barn in the back. So they went in it and a spider was in the barn. The innkeeper's wife came in and put him out and the baby came out. Then she got him some clothes and called him Jesus.

Nicky Ingham 3T



We went to the Hamilton Princess to see the Follies on ice. We had to wait a little while for our coke. He did a jump called the flying camel and it was funny. The man fell on the ice and then some funny monsters came. One could not see where it was going. Nicky was staring at the girl in the blue. Thank you follies.

Christian Dunleavy

On Friday class two and class three went to the ice skating Follies. It was nice. The man demonstrated a jump called a flying camel and a figure eight. We had coke to drink and once two monsters came out. He let us feel the ice. It was rough and very cold. Then we went back to school and got our bags and went home.

Michael Batista

THANK YOU FOLLIES!

The Follies on Ice

Mr. Peter Pfeiffer of the Hamilton Princess Hotel kindly arranged for the cast of the Follies on Ice to give an afternoon demonstration of skating techniques to all our Class 2 and Class 3 boys. Members of 3T report on the performance.

One day I went to the Princess Hotel to see an ice show called The Follies. A man showed us some skating jumps and he told us that it took all night to put up the balloons. He showed us how to do a figure 8 on the ice.

Michael Davidson

One day we went to the Princess and we saw the follies. The man let some of us speak on the speaker. Two little boys tried a mask. We saw them and we felt the ice.

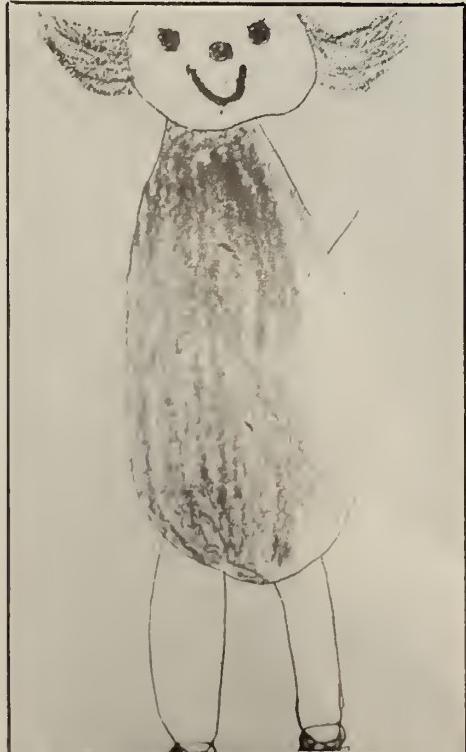
Sloan Wakefield

We went to the Follies and we saw them do a flying camel and we had a drink of coke. We saw them go around in circles. We saw the spot lights on the roof. We saw some balloons around the lights and then we touched the ice.

Matthew Ringer



"So that's how it's done!"



A follies star by RONNIE YORK.



"On thin Ice" by MARK SEMOS



A follies star by ADAM TUFTS

OUR SINGING VISITORS

Our Visitors

On Tuesday March 31st the Dana Hall Travelling Theatre came to visit us. They did twenty acts for us. The song and act that I liked was Invitation and Three Little Bugs. Invitation was a song when someone starts to sing the song and one by one the ladies join in. When a new lady came in they would change to the next verse. Three Little Bugs was an act where three bugs lived in a basket which was getting too small for all of them. So they had a fight and one of them got thrown out in the cold while the other two had their dinner. The bug didn't like this so she went into the basket, killed her friends and lived all alone in the basket. After the play we went back to our class and wrote out our homework.

Michael Batista 3T

Our Visitors

Yesterday some visitors came to our school. They came from Boston Massachusetts College. They had come to give us a play called musical poems. In one song it said if you are a dreamer come in, come in, if you are a pretender come in, come in. In another poem it said Little Boy Blue. He blew a horn in a girls face and everybody laughed.

Christian Dunleavy 3T



"Our Visitors" by MICHAEL BATISTA 3T



... by NICHOLAS INGHAM 3T

Our Visitors

Yesterday there were some visitors coming. They were all girls. I liked the girls in the purple and red. The first play was called musical chairs and one girl pulled another girls hair and putted the chair away. **Mark Semos 3T**



Our visitors by LYLE DOUGLAS 3T

Our Visitors

One day we went down to the hall to watch some actors that had come all the way from Massachusetts. The play we saw was called Musical Poems. I liked the part when they sat on the chairs and said croak ribbt beep arp and Jimmy Jet and his T.V. set. The best one was musical chairs.

Andrew Cree 3T

CLUBS

THE MUSIC CLUB:

It was fun in the music club. I had a lot of fun. I liked the play you took us to and I thought you should know that the man that played the piano comes to my church and I talked to him and said you are a good piano player and he said thank you and then I had to go home so I said good bye. **James Barrow 3T**

I like the Music Club a lot because you learn a lot of pieces. The recorder is the instrument we play. We have learned to play the Russian March and Jesus hands are kind hands and This Land is your Land to, and three blind mice and a thousand more. It gives you something to do when you're bored. Here is a list of the notes we know. We know B A G C D that is the order we learned them in.

Guy Hamshire 3M

I liked the part when we play together but we hardly ever agree on a song to play except in assembly. I know two songs off by heart most of the time. We play our songs on paper or in books. My mother taught me how to play Twinkle Twinkle little star. Sometimes I get mixed up in the notes and I have to come in again. Sometimes I forget my recorder and I have to use the old extra recorders.

Jonathan Young 3M

I think that Music is very fun to learn and that a lot of boys should learn to play music. Music is very interesting and takes a lot of practice to be very good at it.

Aaron Oliphant 3T



The Music Club entertains the School at Assembly.

THE GARDENING CLUB:

Dear Mr. Hopkins,

I like gardening club it is great fun. We liked the radishes mixed with our salad and they tasted very good. I like planting beans they taste very good and I like raking our garden and I like working in it too. I love planting in our garden.

Love from **Adam 3T**

Thank you for teaching me how to plant a garden and how to use tools in the earth. Thank you for letting me take home the radishes. My mother and the family liked them. We have eaten all of them. We offered some to my nextdoor neighbour. She likes them very much too. Now I really know how to plant a big and small garden. Now when my onions grow a little bit in my box I will replant them and put them in my garden. My Daddy said I could make my own onions and all my other foods.

Richard Todd 3M

Thank you for helping us with planting the plants in the garden. I enjoyed planting the beans, sweet peas, tomatoes, radishes, carrots, sun flowers, corn, broccoli and everything else you helped us plant. Thank you for telling us the name of the trees, plants and flowers. I sure did have a fun time when you were taking us to the Botanical Gardens and to the Gibbons garden. If it wasn't raining when we went to those places we could of gotten out of the car. I wish our garden could look like yours.

Robert Guinn 3M



Mr. Tom Moss trained an enthusiastic Sports Club.

THE SPORTS CLUB:

Dear Mr. Moss,

Thank you for supporting this club. I appreciate your kindness for helping us to learn how to play football and sit-down-basket-ball and for all the unforgettable times and for not clobbering us when we do something wrong and now I can play football much better.

Mark Morris 3M

Dear Mr. Moss,

Thank you for teaching me how to play football even though you did cheat a few times. It is too bad I can't find my football because if I could I would practise every move I have learned. So thanks again you are a great coach.

Michael Batista 3T

Dear Mr. Moss,

Thank you for helping us with sports. I like most of all football better than sitting-down basket ball. And I also like it when you helped us on foot-ball, but I did not like it when you scored a goal for the other team. And there is something I do like and that is when we play sitting-down-basket-ball it seemed that almost every time either we got the ball or it was our throw.

Stevan Ashton 3M

Dear Mr. Moss,

Thank you for teaching me how to kick a foot ball, thank you for helping us get goals. I liked when we played basket ball and we got in a line and rolled the ball to the boys feet sometimes we got a goal. In foot ball one day we couldn't have the goal post because there was a puddle there. **Nicholas Wallington 3T**



The vegetable garden, planted in the Easter term under the expert guidance of Mr. R. M. Hopkins, again won the Bermuda Garden Club's shield for Best School Garden.

Dear Mr. Hopkins,

I like to plant radishes and beans and carrots and sun flowers and I like hoeing and learning about gardening and I like to plant vegetables and cabbages and I like learning all kinds of things about gardening and I like theory and I like to plant a lot of things and I like gardening club a lot.

Lauren Smith 3T

THE ART AND CRAFT CLUB:

I liked when we made balloon animals. We made them out of a thin paper stuck too a balloon. I thought it was real fun. We also made potato prints we used some of them too make a photograph album. We took some of them home. And we are making an aquarium made out of little fish we drew. We also made some sea weed. And we got a shoe box and stood it up and painted every part of it but not the bottom. On the bottom we put paste then got a spoon and put it in a bowl of sand and put it on top of the glue in the box and the parts that didn't stick we took out.

David Morgan 3M

I enjoyed making potato print books. We also made balloon models and fishtanks we started making them with a emty shoe box than painted it blue and glued sand to the bottom and then we hung our fish but it took a long time. We made our models out of putting newspaper round the balloon six times and then let it dry then we paint it and put things on to make it look like something. We made our potato print books out of making disines on the potato and printing then we also glue that to card and make holes in the card and put pages in and tie tiem.

Joel Froomkin 3M

The reason I chose art and craft was because I like to make things and I don't have anything to make anything with at home but I still try but it never works. The best thing I think we have made were the balloon animals but we are still making things so I don't know if we will make better things next term.

Andrew Cree 3T



Miss Thompson's Art and Craft Club developed imagination and ingenuity in their projects.

THE COOKERY CLUB:

Dear Mrs. Guinn and Mrs. Lotherington,

Thank you for helping us make cupcakes and I liked when I put the icing on my cupcake then I cut out cars and stuck it in my cupcake then I put chocolate chips for eyes then I put cokeanut for a mouth then I did a nest. I put icing on the cupcake then I put cokeanut around the cupcake then I put jelly beans for eggs and that is how I made a nest.

James Lotherington 3M

I thank you for helping the cookery club and for helping us make all the things that we made and the best thing I liked was the cupcakes.

Mark Semos 3T

OUR SINCERE THANKS:

A wide variety of activities was made possible again this year as many parents volunteered to organise a club for one or more terms. Letters of thanks from the boys to some of the volunteers are printed, but as not all are mentioned a full list follows.

Art & Craft: Mrs. Haycock, Mrs. Fisher.

Cookery: Mrs. Guinn, Mrs. Lotherington, Mrs. Redmond, Mrs. Wakefield.

Outdoor: Mrs. Titterton, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Gibbons, Mrs. Dickinson.

Sports: Mr. Moss, Mr. Robinson.

Gardening: Mrs. Davidson, Mr. Hopkins.

Woodwork: Mrs. Haycock.

Swimming: Mrs. Titterton, Mrs. Morris.

THE OUTDOOR CLUB

Dear Mrs. Gibbons and Mrs. Morgan,

I hope you will stay in outdoor club because you take us places where we can have fun and learn things. It helps us to choose what we want to be when we grow up and what we want to do. Thank you.

Lyle Douglas 3T

Thank you for taking us to the Botanical Gardens. I liked when we went into that jungle and Matthew swang on a vine to a top of a tree. And then we went where a big field was with flowers and we played "it". And where the jungle was it was Government Property.

Christopher Harkness 3M

I like being in out door club. I liked when we went to Spittal Pond, and saw the cows get milked and the milk went in the freezer. After I liked when we played tag and hide and seek and I liked the soda factory when we saw the sugar and syrup and when they put the tops on.

Matthew Ringer

I like being in outdoor club and taking us everywhere and I liked when you took us to the fire station and the old womans house and I liked when you took us to the Botanical Gardens and I liked when you took us to the place where they made sodas and thank you for the pencils with rubbers and thank you Mrs. Gibbons for everything you have done.

Gary Ward 3T

THE WOODWORK CLUB

Dear Mrs. Haycock,

Thank you for helping us with our swords and sailboats and tanks and our Catamarans and walkie-talkies. I like it when Dwayne hit his hand with the hammer and I liked Bobby's speedboat and I liked his guns and daggers he made and his table and his ships and I liked Marcus's tanks too.

Spencer Moss 3M

Thank you for helping woodwork and taking us to the carpenters shop. I like the machine that made a big piece into two pieces of wood and I liked when you and Matron tried to help us when Mr. Meredith was sick.

Robert Rego 3T

It was a lot of fun. My dad and Mum liked it a lot and then I painted the stuff and stuck it on my shelf, and when my tooth fell out I put it under my pillow and the tooth fairy saw my wood-work.

Sloan Wakefield 3T

Thank you for helping me when I can not do something and for takeing us to the carpenter shop. I liked the way they make the doors and the handles to the purse. I liked the sanding machine and that big drill and you helped me make my sailboat and my dagger and my space ship and when we did the writeing about the wood you helped that too. You even helped me do my two guns and my big machine gun too.

William Young 3M



Mrs. Haycock and Mr. Meredith supervised the construction of a wide variety of models.

THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL COMES OF AGE: PART 2

Last year I described the development of the Prep School from a group of thirty-seven children in an old fashioned two-room school house with outdoor sanitation, to an enrolment of ninety pupils housed in a modern building specially designed for our needs on the Saltus campus, with access to the Junior School gymnasium.

Several peaceful years ensued with boys moving through our three classes then on to the Juniors for the next four years. We enjoyed watching their growth, since our staff room windows opened on to the Junior School courtyard, and the two staffs worked closely together. Naturally there were tensions at times: our children had to be very quiet when the Juniors were doing exams, and there were days when the noise from the Junior School courtyard made coffee breaks in our staff room unendurable, but these were minor points and the general feeling was one of pleasant co-operation.

Then came another period of expansion following the decision to become a private school. In September, 1971, we accepted a double entry reception class, and we also opened an extra class at the third year level to accommodate many of the children wishing to transfer into the school. Having no extra classrooms of our own we overflowed into the Junior School, and they gave us their Science Lab and Art Room, managing somehow to teach these subjects in the classrooms.

It was fortunate that such good relationships had already been established between the two staffrooms, as now close co-operation was essential, with the emphasis on "close". Between the two departments we had 270 children, in buildings planned to house 210 in a fair degree of comfort. Certainly there was no comfort that year.

The children were unsettled by the departure from the established order of promotion from room to room, and the newcomers found it difficult to grasp which part of the school they belonged to. Their classrooms were in the junior section, but between lessons they were herded back to the Prep School end. The crowning agony came when we were told that it had been decided to resurface the playing field during the summer term, so there would be no more outdoor games or P.E. lessons, and no large play space for the children at recess and lunch breaks. The Junior children were confined to the quadrangle, and ours had to use the other spaces around the school. After lunch the reception classes took it in turns to go and play on the Headmaster's lawn — now the lawn in front of the Staff Apartments. This left two groups of sixty, one of which played on the grass above the Woodlands Road ramp, and the other outside the windows on the south side, where there is not a patch of shade at mid-day. It seemed to be one of the hottest summers on record, and to go on for ever.

The one consolation as the hot year dragged on was that the discomfort was for a limited time. We now knew that Cavendish Hall School wanted to "go private" in September, and had agreed to amalgamate with Saltus. Miss Wilkie, with the Junior age children from Cavendish would use all the Prep and Junior rooms for the enlarged Junior School, and I would move to Cavendish with all the younger children, and their teachers, from both schools.

The first days of the summer holidays were set for the move, and this tiring task was lightened by a number of former pupils who turned up to help, plus several parents with cars and even Mr. Duncan from the Senior School. All our furniture and equipment had to be trucked to Cavendish, while everything used by their Juniors was moved to Saltus. A few things got off-loaded into the wrong place and were picked up and taken back to their original school, but on the whole things went smoothly,



A space that can no longer be seen. The original Prep School Playground, now the site of the main classroom block of the Junior School.

and the alterations needed to adapt Cavendish for our own use were completed in time for the September opening.

The somewhat forbidding exterior of Cavendish did nothing to daunt us, as inside there was SPACE. Even with our enrolment of 197 children (probably more than Cavendish had ever known) there was plenty of room to introduce a variety of activities, as we had an extra classroom as well as our own assembly hall, well equipped as a gymnasium, and a large playing field.



Genealogist: John Cox

Lawyer: Alan Dunch



Artist: Eldon Trimingham

There were some initial problems. The architect had only handed over one set of keys to our various additions, which included a lockable storage room on the field. The Duty Teacher, supervising play at recess, put the key and the school bell inside with her handbag, and the door blew shut. The architect was not in his office, and none of his staff knew where our duplicate keys were being kept. Without a bell it was quite difficult to indicate to the children scattered across the field that they must stop playing and return to class, and even when they were rounded up there was the problem of the Duty Teacher's handbag, containing her car keys and other essentials. The bursar had to come and take the door off its hinges to enable her to go home.

The fifteen little girls we had inherited with Cavendish settled in remarkably well with all the boys, and we found them an asset to the school. Mr. Meredith placed his six girls in a group in the centre of the room, and some of their quiet and tidiness radiated out to the boisterous groups surrounding them. Mindful of recent edicts that it was wrong to train girls to think of their future roles as mainly domestic, we were careful not to differentiate between the sexes, and required all children in a class to tackle the same activities. The girls soon taught us that there are things a girl does better

than a boy and things she does worse — apparently just because she is a girl. A class of 5 year old boys learning to skip is a hilarious sight, so long as you can retain your sense of humour when you help them to know the ropes for storage afterwards. When I introduced this activity to the reception class containing two staff daughters and showed them how to swing the ropes over their heads and then jump, the boys for the most part became entangled with the ropes while the little girls skipped with no trouble at all. But when it came to throwing a tennis ball, which most boys could do with good aim and follow through from the shoulder, the girls showed no innate ability and were all elbows. Similarly with creating cleanliness and order, if we ask our present boys to help dust the chairs which have been put out for a meeting they are likely to attempt to do it with their bare hands, or to sit on the chairs and use the seats of their shorts as the duster. The girls didn't even need to be asked; when they saw the dust as they were helping to put the chairs in place, two little girls went to find dusters and cleaned most efficiently, leaving the furniture moving to the boys.

After two years the last girls had reached the age for transfer to the Junior School, and we were sorry to see them go. If I have to teach one sex or the other, then I would prefer boys with their lively curiosity and infectious enthusiasm, but a mixed group was most enjoyable and I am glad we had the experience.

With the departure of the girls and the extra class which had been formed when the two schools amalgamated, we settled down to six classes, and I fear that I may be tempting fate if I mention that for over six years we had had no major reorganisation. The various moves and changes have been challenging and stimulating in their way, but a long period of calm has enabled us to concentrate on improving standards and introducing new programmes, especially a full remedial programme which aims to prevent learning failure as far as possible rather than having to correct it.

The school motto LABOR OMNIA VINCIT seems to describe well the efforts of the staff and the attitude they seek to instil in the children, but QUO FATA FERUNT more aptly describes the Prep School's manoeuvres during its first two decades. We hope that the Fates, having led us to Cavendish, will allow us to settle here and enjoy our Labours.

M. V. Hopkins



Television Newscaster:
Bruce Barritt



Lawyer: Trevor Moniz



Tennis Player: Stephen Alger



Equestrian: Peter Gray

The photographs, which accompany this article, are of some well known personalities who began their educational career in Saltus Cavendish.

THE SALTUS ASSOCIATION

The current year has been both a successful and a trying one for the Saltus Association. Raising funds and sustaining enthusiasm is always a wearing task but I must say that it is also very rewarding.

I have been fortunate this year to have the valued support of all the committee members. Their ideas have been encouraging and I feel that we have risen to the challenge and I am sure we will continue to do so in the future.

On a more particular level: our "Pot Luck Supper" in February was both a financial and a social success; our sponsorship of an illustrated lecture about the ambitious scheme to raise the Tudor warship "Mary Rose" proved to be equally successful and the Senior School Hall was filled with interested parents, teachers, pupils and friends. In June we held our family barbecue — an annual event — even though it tends to age the committee by at least 2 years!! I must pause, I think, to thank all those people who worked so hard to make things run so smoothly and also all those parents, teachers and students who supported this venture.

Looking forward to the next academic year now: in September the Association will hold its Staff Cocktail Party at which the new staff may meet the present staff members, trustees and members of the Association itself. The annual Hallowe'en Fair follows, of course; falling numbers in attendances give me some cause for concern, I must say — so come on folks, rally round! All this is just the start to another year — be assured we will be working diligently all through 81-82.

The Association is extremely fortunate in the support it receives from The Class Mothers, the ladies who work in the Saltus Shop and of course from all the parents, students, staff and friends of the School.

I thank you all most sincerely,

Christine Ferris
(President)

On behalf of the school I would like to extend my sincere thanks to all the members of the Saltus Association for all of the sterling work they have done throughout the year: they are a vital part of the Saltus 'family'.

J.K.M.

THE SALTUS ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE 1981

President: Ms. Christine Ferris

Vice President: Mrs. Diana Peers

Secretary: Mrs. Joan Davis

Treasurer: Mr. Paul Hubbard

Committee: Paul Booth

Mrs. Marlene Delafontaine

Mrs. Terri Drew

Mr. John Edwards

Mr. Keith Fisher

Mr. Robin Henagulph

Mr. George Lauder

Mr. Millard Lightbourne

Mr. Adrian Lotherington

Mr. Alwyn McKittrick

Mr. Willard Raynor

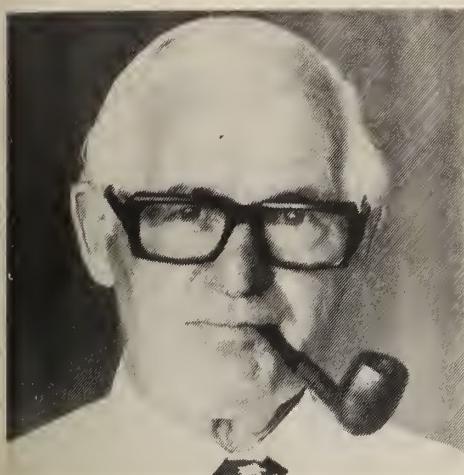
Mr. William Rewalt

Mrs. Hilda Young



*The Saltus Barbecue June 1981
(right to left) C. Ferris, D. Peers,
S. Adams, M. Lightbourne,
M. Delafontaine, J. Edwards.*

BEHIND THE THRONE:



*Mr. Graham Rosser, M.B.E.
Registrar*

*Our heartiest congratulations go to
Mr. G. Rosser
who was awarded the M.B.E.
in Her Majesty the Queen's
Honours List for 1981.*



Mrs. Susan Swift

AND ELSEWHERE:



Dennis!!



Mrs. Sharon Adams



Editor and Layout:
N. J. G. Kermode

Junior School Liason:
Lilian Williams

Cavendish Prep Liason:
Penny Sampson

Senior Year Contributors:
Lisa Gibbons
Jonathan Evans
Tina Wittich
Danielle Bezant

Cover Design:
Greg Scaff 4K

Yearbook Photographers:
Stephen Davidson
Brian Finnerty
Michael Nisbett
Stephen McMaster
David DeSilva
Peter Aldrich
Steel Butz
Rajan Tolaram
Michael Jeffrey
Mr. M. Beasley
Mr. V. Evans
Mr. N. Kermode

My particular thanks again go to David Judah (Senior Year) for his contribution. David has printed almost every single photograph in this edition of the Yearbook — a mammoth task under normal circumstances but all the more commendable when one considers that he was working towards his Advanced Placement Examinations at the same time. His dedication far transcended that which I or the school had the right to expect.

My sincere thanks.